

Memorandum on exploiting the weaknesses in the United States federal law enforcement agencies

By Karl M. Wright

January 7th 2026

**CLASSIFIED
INFORMATION**

The political and social values and viewpoints of the world as a whole have significantly shifted in the last one hundred and twenty five years. Biases against certain races and religions have become socially unacceptable, and physical actions in pursuit of these biases has become legally unacceptable. Unfortunately in the United States, there have been aggressive attempts to roll back the clock to one hundred and twenty five years ago, to a time of hatred and bigotry. This is in spite of the majority of American citizens being opposed to such aggression and ignorance. Humans tend to fear rapid changes, and Americans especially fear the loss of their identity and beliefs in the spiritual holiness of America itself. This has lead American voters of conservative politics to push an aggressive backlash against what they perceive as the leaders of the social changes in America for the last ten years. At the grassroots level, this has been going on since the 1980s and the administration of Ronald Reagan, but for the last ten years it has burst forth in take-no-prisoners aggression that completely discounted any attempts at compromise or negotiation.

Approximately one hundred and twenty five years ago, give or take a couple decades, lifestyle clubs and associations adopted a viewpoint of nudism. It was a rather abstract philosophy of living a normal life, just without any clothes on. This caused much backlash in modest societies around the world, and it caused a lot of persecution for nudists in some areas. Much of Europe was more open to this new nude lifestyle, and it blossomed there, before spreading to the United States a couple decades later. In Germany, the rise of the Nazi party in 1933 lead to Nazi proclamations and declaration banning nudism as a threat to German purity and health. However, by 1933 it was such an established lifestyle that by 1945 when the Nazi regime collapsed that had been almost no arrests under anti-nudism laws. In the post-war years, nudism flourished in German, and German society almost completely accepted public nudity, even where it wasn't technically allowed.

In the 1950s and 1960s, nudist magazines became very popular all around the world. The massive appeal sent shock waves throughout a world that was in a state of social and political upheaval. In the United States, there were many attempts by the United States government to crack down on nudist magazines and publications. Finally, in the late 1950s the US Supreme Court ruled in favor of nudist magazines, and declared that media that showed genitals were not obscene. This legalized the entire nudist magazine industry in the United States, but it was already legalized throughout Europe. The legality of nudist publications included the right to show naked images of children. This is something of an ignorant subject to most Americans because even though they would want to believe that showing naked images of children is illegal, it is not. The US Supreme court has ruled on this subject multiple times.

Law enforcement entities are trained to think in black and white, because it makes it easier to do their job. They don't like to deal with the complexities of legal nuance. And for most people in the United States, they would just rather not deal with the scrutiny of law enforcement, so they avoid anything that even seems illegal, even if it's perfectly legal. American corporations have subsequently been victimized by anti-nudist conservative political groups that threaten lawsuit and legal harassment for any depictions of naked children. In most cases, this is just bullying from the back of an ambulance, but corporations would rather just keep making money than fight for a subject that most people find distasteful, so they just roll over and bow down.

The United States Federal Bureau of Investigation has frequently acted outside the bounds of the US Court system since it's very inception in 1908. J. Edgar Hoover, from the very beginning, instilled a culture of "the end justifies the means" within the FBI. The COINTELPRO operations of the 1960s are an infamous example of these tactics taken to their logical conclusion. The 2026 executive branch of the US government holds the view of "might makes right" and this is more or less the same viewpoint that the FBI has operated under since 1908. In a democracy, generally speaking, the citizens don't agree with might-makes-right, and over the course of America's existence, aggression has usually lead to citizen backlash. But even in the absence of citizen backlash, aggressive strong-arm tactics tend to bring on worldwide condemnation, and cause a loss of power for those who employ them. The 2020 George Floyd protests certainly diminished America's reputation around the world, and prosecution of those involved in the 2021 Washington DC insurrection caused a conservative backlash that further tarnished America's image abroad.

It has become readily apparent to this intelligence operative that the dissemination of pictures, video, and descriptions of naked children is one of the foremost weaknesses in the American federal law enforcement community. It sets off all the moral indignation and anger that they can muster, and it causes otherwise sane people to go insane in pursuit of what they view as monsters. It is a trojan horse, a virus of immense power that consumes and destroys all that it comes in contact with. Deploying this weaknesses against the FBI, Homeland Security and even the Department of Defense is a strategy that they have no answer for, and it has the potential to completely destroy these agencies from the inside out as they trip over each other trying to force an issue that at the fundamental level is perfectly legal anyway. They just can't wrap their heads around the fact that it's legal. It makes their collective heads explode from the dissonance.

Flooding the internet with media of naked children is a sure fire way to destroy the American law enforcement community.

SUNSHINE BOOK CO. v. SUMMERFIELD, 355 U.S. 372 (1958)

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U.S. Supreme Court

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355 U.S. 372

SUNSHINE BOOK CO. ET AL. v. SUMMERFIELD, POSTMASTER GENERAL.
ON PETITION FOR WRIT OF CERTIORARI TO THE UNITED STATES COURT OF
APPEALS

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Decided January 13, 1958.

101 U.S. App. D.C. 358, 249 F.2d 114, reversed.

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Solicitor General Rankin, Assistant Attorney General Doub and Samuel D. Slade for
respondent.

PER CURIAM.

The petition for writ of certiorari is granted and the judgment of the United States Court of

Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit is reversed. Roth v. United States, 354 U.S. 476.

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ONE, INCORPORATED, v. OLESEN, 355 U.S. 371 (1958)

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Annotation

PRIMARY HOLDING

Speech in favor of homosexuals is not inherently obscene.

Syllabus

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Uebergangsstadien

Es ist nicht zu leugnen, daß sich unsere Bewegung mehr und mehr aus den Fesseln des Vereinslebens, wenigstens des engeren, befreien möchte. Dies liegt mit ihrem Wachstum ja ganz in der Natur der Sache. Was im Anfange Förderung war, engster Zusammenschluß bei sorgfältigster Auswahl, Umgebung mit allerlei den eigentlichen Kern verhüllendem Beiwerk, wird mit der Ausbreitung der Idee allmählich zum Hindernis. Aber wie mit Recht die Erfahreneren unter den Führern warnen, ist es zur völligen Abwerfung jeder Vereinsfessel noch viel zu früh, der teils noch nicht überzeugten, teils böswilligen Gegnerschaft Uebermacht noch viel zu groß. Dagegen ist eine Lockerung der vereintlichen Bindung, wie andere Führer wollen und erstreben, bereits gar wohl am Platze. Wir befinden uns in einem sogenannten Uebergangsstadium, bei dem es nichts zu überstürzen gibt, um nicht dem Ganzen und mit so vieler Mühe errungenen zu schaden. Die Entwicklung muß, um solide und unaufhaltsam zu sein, eine organische, durch nichts überstürzte bleiben. Nicht sprunghaft darf vorgegangen werden, sondern es ist das Gesetz der Uebergangsstadien einzuhalten. Wie lange oder kurz die einzelnen Uebergangsstadien dauern sollen, hängt dabei von nicht voraus zu berechnenden Umständen ab.

Nach meiner Ansicht sollen damit die Einzelgruppen beginnen, ohne als solche aus ihrer Spitzenorganisation herauszufallen. Im Gegenteil, die kleineren Gruppen sollen alle irgendeiner Spitzenorganisation, einem größeren Verbands, beitreten, von dem sie Rückenstärkung empfangen und den sie durch ihren Beitritt zu einer immer größeren Macht dem Gegner gegenüber machen. Aber ihr engeres Vereinsleben sollen die Einzelgruppen oder Bünde fortschreitend freier und großzügiger gestalten und immermehr von unwesentlichem Beiwerk befreien. Unser Sonnenbund Helios, der sich dem Reichsbund angeschlossen hat, hat damit begonnen. Nach genauer Zielsetzung, reiner Nacktsport beider Geschlechter und aller Altersstufen, schaltet er vor



C. A. Weber

Blick in die Welt

Die letzte verschleierte Frau

In den Schlupfwinkeln von Mostar

Es war in der — wie man sagt — heißesten Stadt Europas, in Mostar, dem Hauptstädtchen der Herzogewina, und es war an einem Julimittag, da kam sie mir entgegen. Sie? Wenn ich es nicht gewußt hätte, erkennen hätte ich es nicht können, daß dies blind einhererschreitende Wesen, das wie ein Gespenst, bestenfalls wie ein Fastnachtsscherz aussah, eine Frau war. Ueber die ganze Gestalt bis zu den Fußspitzen war ein dicker formloser blauer Tuchumhang geworfen, der offenbar durch ein Gestell getragen, auf dem Hinterkopf spitz emporragte; vor dem Gesicht fiel er zusammen, und wenn er sich

beim Gehen zu einem schmalen Schlitz öffnete, erschien nicht das Gesicht, sondern ein tiefschwarzer, undurchsichtiger Schleier. So durch zwei Vorhänge vom Leben abgesperrt, ging die Frau durch die sengende Mittagshitze von 45 Grad.

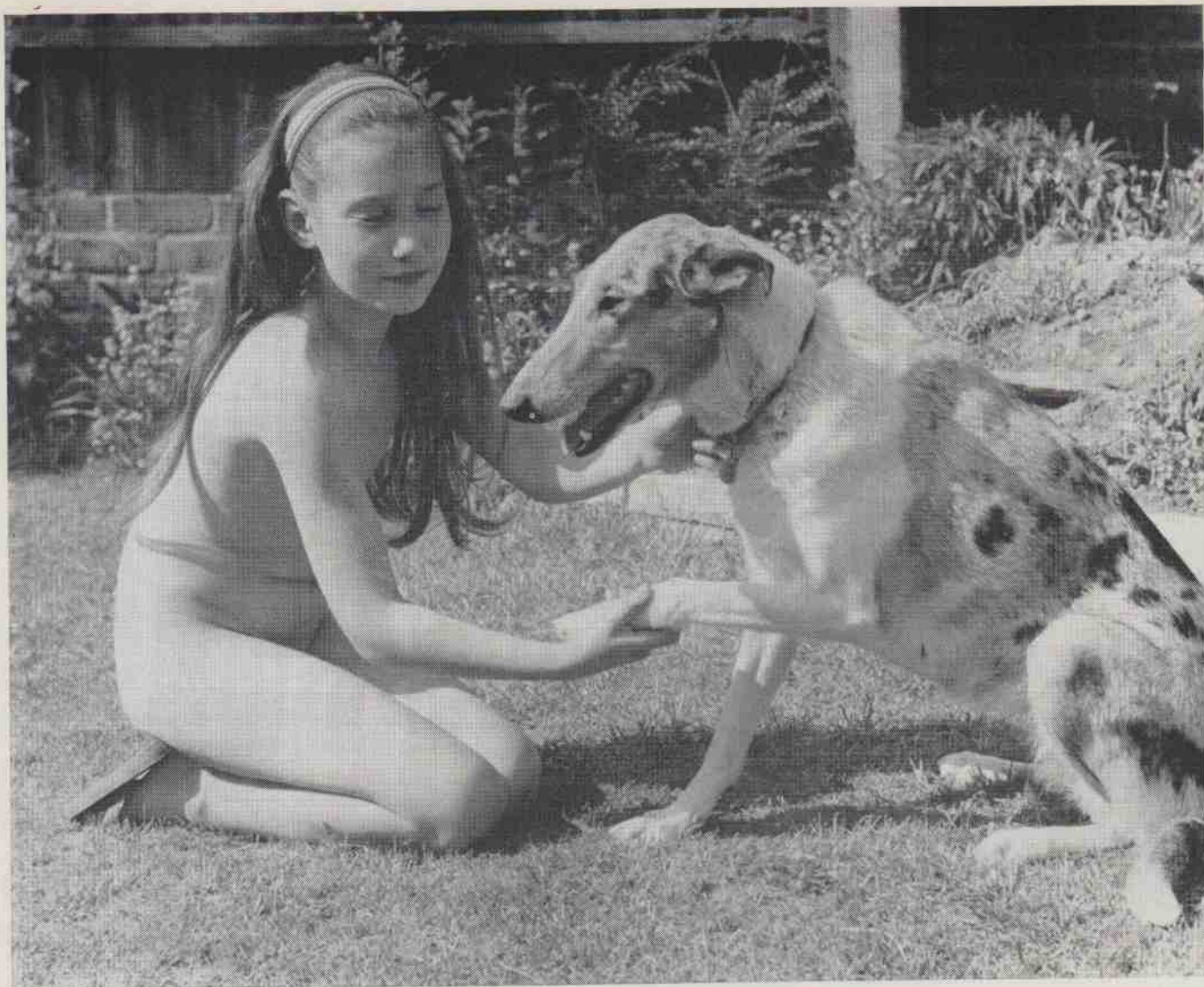
Ich folgte ihr, quer durch den Basar hindurch, dessen Verkaufsbuden leer dalagen. Es roch nach warmen Pasteten und scharfen Hammelribsottos, die Basarkaufleute saßen kauend in den offenen türlosen Stuben. Und, ganz in weißes Leinen gekleidet, die bosnischen Bäuerinnen, mit freien, großen, offenen Gesichtszügen, mit freier Haltung, so wie ich sie überall auf dem Lande gesehen hatte. Schwer arbeitend, immer arbeitend. Aber diese Arbeit hat auch die mohammedanischen Bäuerinnen dieser Gegend längst vom Schleier befreit. Geblieben ist er nur in den — vor dreizehn Jahren noch österreichischen — Städten, deren mohammedanische Einwohner (Ueberbleibsel früherer Türkenherrschaft) viel türkischer sind

als die heutige Türkei; denn während hier, gar nicht so weit von Mitteleuropa entfernt, noch der Schleier herrscht, tanzen in Konstantinopel die Türkinnen, tief dekolletiert, mit fremden Männern.

Solche Mantelträgerinnen gibt es, glaube ich, nur noch in Mostar, und sie sind auch dort in der Minderheit. Die Mehrheit trägt vor dem Gesicht einen kurzen schwarzen Schleier, während der „Jaschmak“ aus hellem, kariertem oder gestreiftem Waschstoff nonnenartig Haar, Kopf, Schultern bedeckt. Aber wie viele Jaschmaks sieht man an den Knien enden, dann werden strumpfloze oder seidenbestrumpfte Beine in Stöckelschuhen sichtbar, auf denen dahertrippelnd ihre Besitzerinnen neben den in Opanken schön-schreitenden Bäuerinnen, ohne es zu wollen, wie Demonstrantinnen gegen die Sinnlosigkeit ihrer Kostümierung wirken.

Ebenso kostümiert gehen sie durch die Straßen der bosnischen Hauptstadt Sarajewo, durch das große





result is that at about one-thirty in the morning he is getting up to make cups of tea and search for the missing aspirins! After years of this sort of thing he has put his foot down! Lights out after a certain length of time!

The point is, of course, it is no use going to bed early if you are not resting.

If you are finding every day irksome and difficult because of your unfitness, try to find out the cause. Reason it out! "Where am I going wrong!" You should be able to put your finger on the cause.

To help you, let us get back to the beginning of the day. If you have not got up "full of the joys of spring," ask yourself why?

What is it that is actually wrong? On broad, general lines the trouble is either physical or mental. It could, of course, be a combination of both. But one of them must come first.

At the physical level take everything into consideration. Eyes, ears, limbs, lungs, kidneys, bowels, etc., are they all functioning right? If not, then you should see someone about the trouble.

This is important—make sure the cause of your unfitness is not a physical one!

You may think you are all right physically, but make sure by regular "check ups" and self-observation!

If you have something on your mind that is taking the joy out of living, don't blame your body for this. There are people who try to find excuses for a faulty mental outlook by blaming it on some non-existent physical defect.

This is where you have to overhaul your psychological behaviour. For instance, the person who is grumpy and unliveable with the first thing in the morning needs only, in most cases, to take himself to task.

"Look here, old man (look in the

mirror whilst you are talking to yourself), what the devil's wrong with you? you've got a good job, a happy family, a nice home, what more do you want?"

The idea is to give yourself a psychological kick in the pants to make yourself see sense.

There is always the danger with psychological maladjustments that you can cause actual physical ailments by not coming to terms with yourself and adjusting fully to your everyday life.

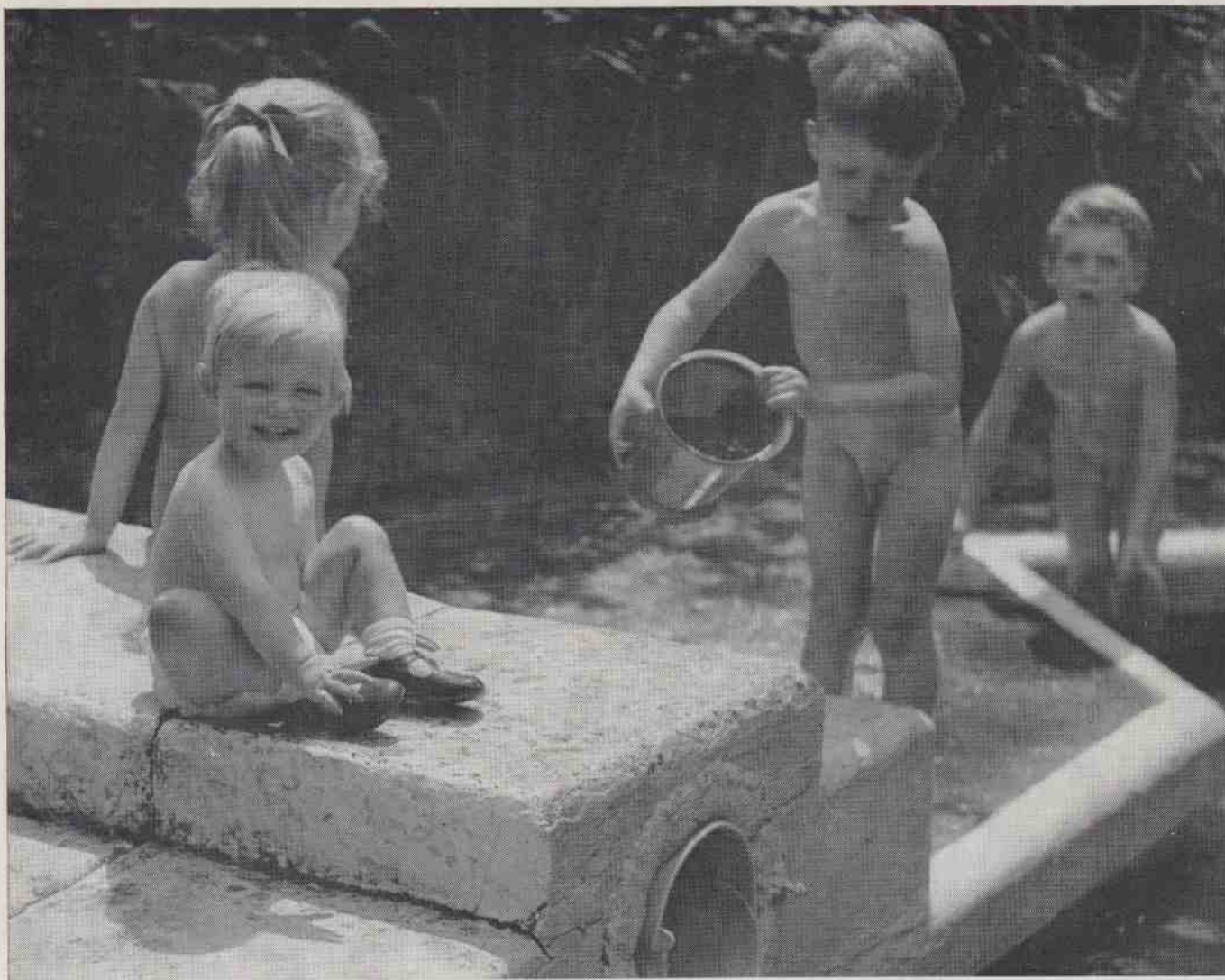
Give yourself a pick-me-up every morning! After eating a hearty breakfast stride out of the house to work with gusto and enthusiasm!

If you have any distance to walk make it a mental and physical "build-up." Most people do not breathe properly. Now is your chance to do this. Head up, shoulders back, feel on top of the world! (even if you don't really), everything is fine (even if it isn't). Breathe in deeply, exhale





Woodlands is a family club, and children find endless pleasure in its grounds



The children's play area at Woodlands. In such safe surroundings, there is seldom call for strict supervision

more or less a secret. In its lonely location there was not that number of people around to keep the secret from, but all the same the entrance was blocked by a high gate. Today the club is well known and respected in the community. It is so integrated with the society around it that there is no need for any gate at all now. You just drive in straight off the open road. Visitors run their cars to the car park and filter down to the lawns, courts and swimming pools. Nor is Woodlands afraid to preach what it practices. TV cameras have panned all over the grounds—the members completely unconcerned. The Coventry papers have run lead page features together with photographs. Not photographs carefully taken and selected by the club, but normal press-taken shots.

Is there any club in the country, or

the world for that matter, which can boast such a freedom of expression. If there is you can be sure that they have reached a position of acceptance in the community. They need put up no barriers against society because society bears them no grudge.

Woodlands is designed. It did not "just happen." Nor was it created on an unconsidered idea. NO bulldozers bashed out huge clearings, destroying nature as they went. No, Woodlands is created out of the nature of the land. It is in fact a four-dimensioned club. Three of the dimensions are the normal—well taken care of. The use of different levels gives to the club an unrivalled spatial delight. The fourth dimension is the kind heart and the courage of its creator.

The pools lie on one level. Banks over the pools give sunbathing and viewing space. A pavilion sits neatly

between these and the volley ball courts. Steps from here lead to a higher level still and the badminton courts. A path winds further up across a bridged stream to the children's playground and another pavilion. And so it goes on. Each developed part of the grounds plays an integral part in the whole.

Above all, it is a place where people can congregate together in the "public" parts of the grounds or retire to their own private camping plot. All around the camping area six-foot-high hedges screen the plots. Paths run connecting links to every other part of the club. There is so much to say about this club that only a full-length book could hope to do it justice. Our space is limited, but if pictures are worth a thousand words then perhaps they will make up for the shortness of this tribute.

the view that it must be connected with sexual feelings wears off, when it is practised openly in the sunshine in the company of like-minded people.

In my article I made the statement that concealment of the body gave rise to numerous complexes of an erotic nature. When the natural curiosity of one sex about the other is frustrated and denied, this is bound to occur. A reader made a very sensible comment on this. He said he often wonders where some of our modern "dirty" novelists would be without slinky skirts, bulging bras, and kinky knickers to play with. Where, indeed, would these purveyors of synthetic sex be? In the dole queue, perhaps.

Another reader, quoting my statements that "no disturbing feelings are aroused when both sexes can see all they crave," and, "after a man or woman has become used to the sight

of nakedness in the other sex, vision does not provide stimulus any more," comments that this is abnormal. But this is once again muddled thinking. I, of course, was referring to promiscuous feelings, not to normal desires between two people who love one another. Naturally, the practice of social nudity makes no difference to that, but only to the assumption that the sight of a naked woman or man is bound to rouse sexual feelings in one of the opposite sex. How long must we continue to try to drive this point home? One can only reiterate to these sceptics—come and see for yourselves.

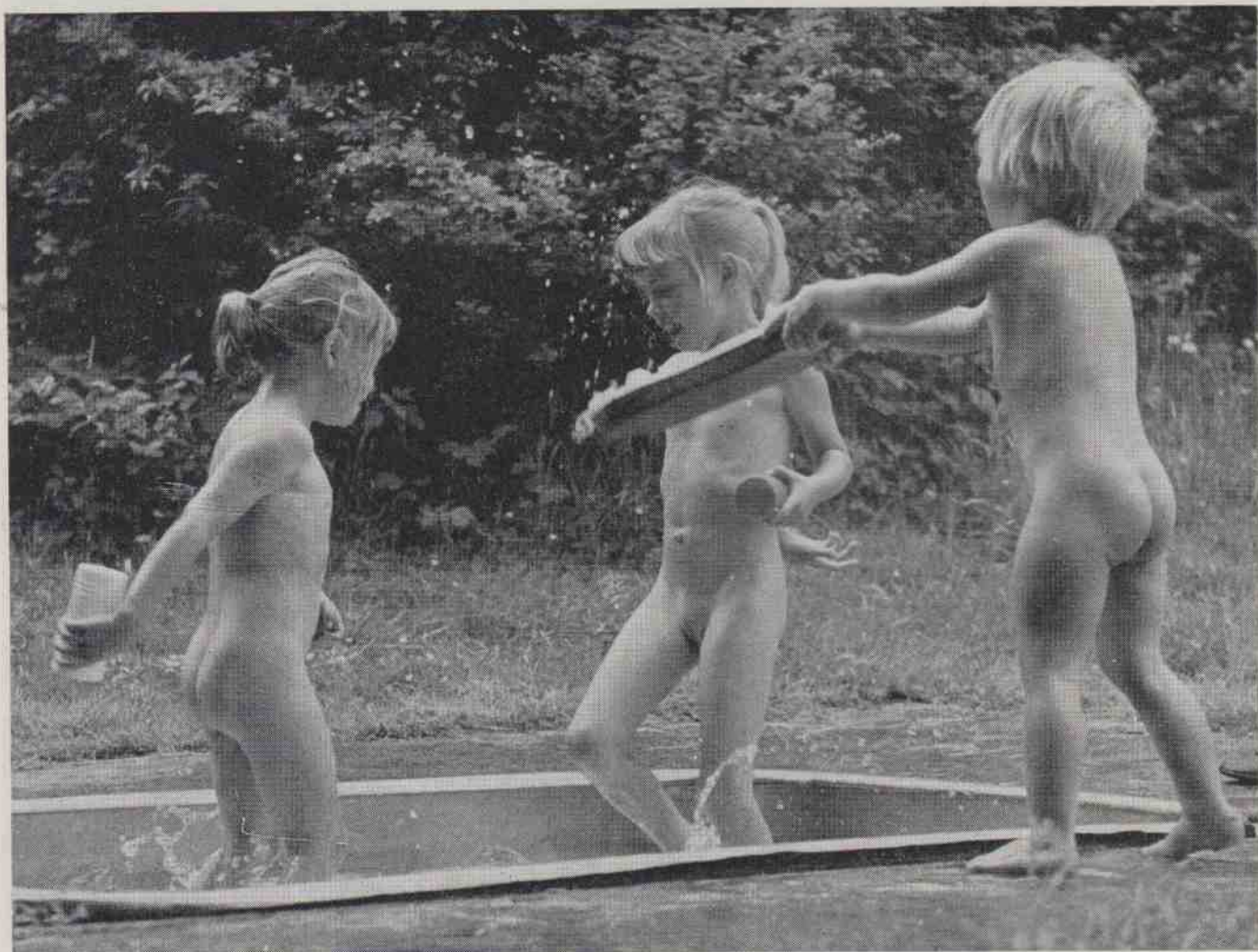
The famous French writer, Anatole France, in his book, "Penguin Island"—written many years ago—has an incident where a female penguin is corseted and dressed by the Devil. She is then followed by every male penguin on the beach, and even the Devil himself feels a desire

for her.

The moral of this is plain to see.

An artist of my acquaintance says that there is nothing really exciting about the sight of a naked woman. The real excitement is in watching a woman undressing. He told me of a crowded session in an art class, where the model was unusually young and unusually attractive, yet a group of men had their backs to her and were painting a collection of green bottles, outsize marrows, and a half-loaf of mouldy bread. He said that the students would be sketching a completely nude model, yet would whirl around like dervishes to gaze avidly at a girl student who crossed her legs and exposed her thighs.

Yes, if naturism was given a chance, it could be of great help in sex problems—and the girl who crossed her legs in the art class would be taken in one's stride.



These children at Sorrento Sun Club appreciate to the full the healthy enjoyment of their nakedness

NATURISM

AND

SEX

Have we, in our preoccupation with presenting the right image, conditioned society into believing that we are sexless? Or, at best, languishing under an umbrella of diminished libido?

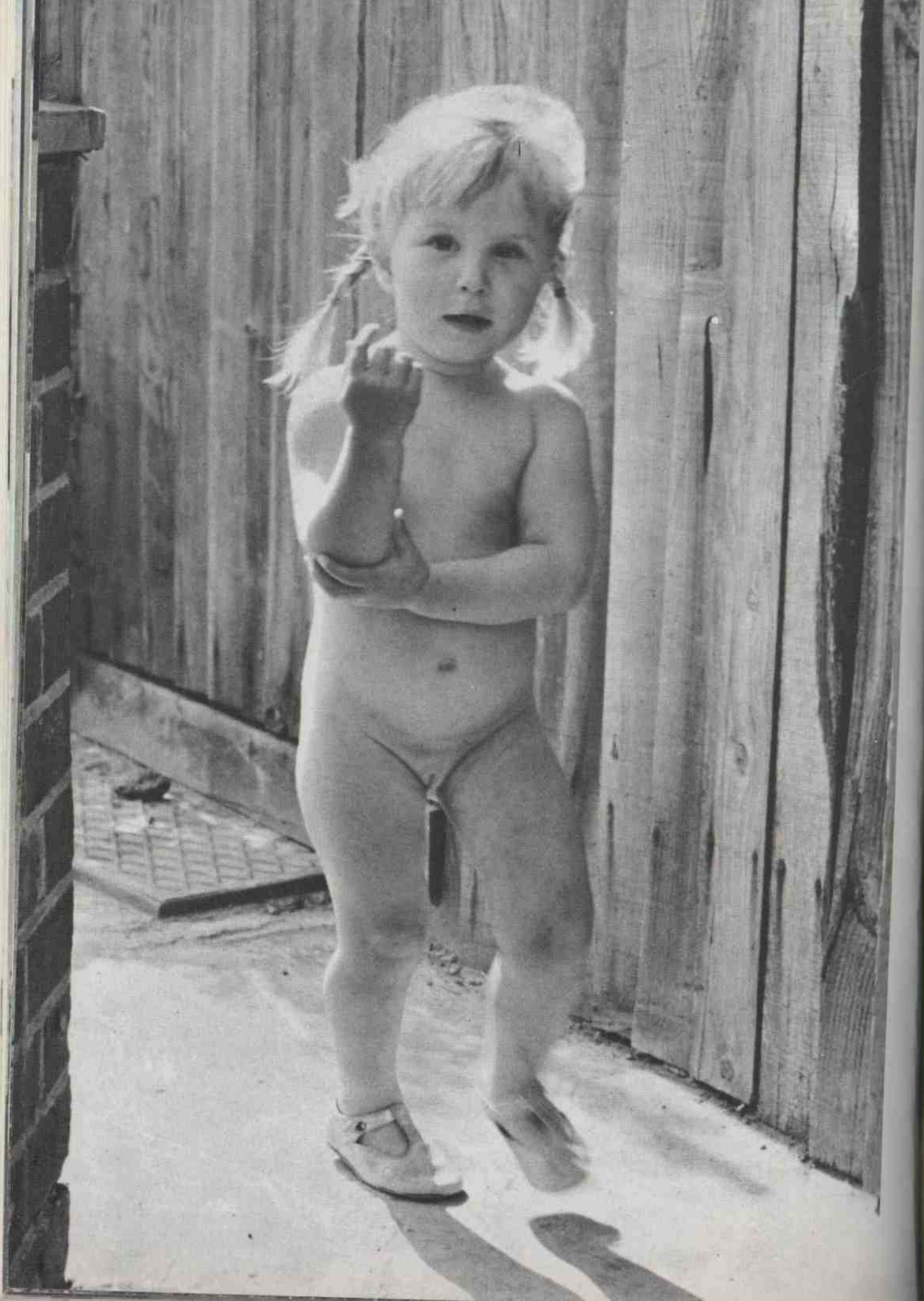
Doris Milward comments

I WROTE an article on this subject for a literary society to which I belong. This was not the first time I had written about Naturism for them, and they are a broad-minded set of people, ready to consider anything new without prejudice, and to give unusual ideas careful consideration.

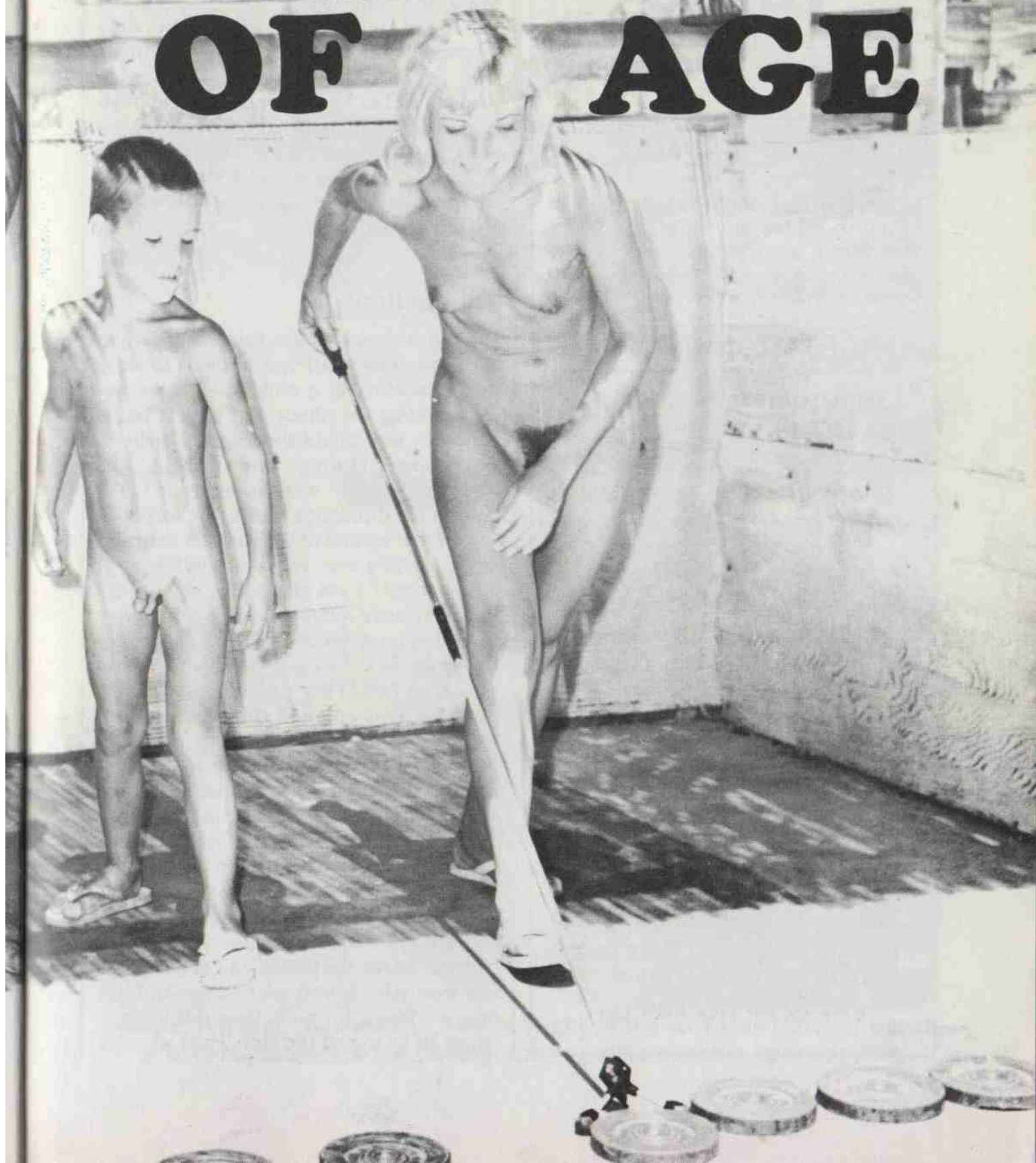
But oh! what comments I got! Now that Naturism is more or less accepted, and is even written about in the lay press without cheap jibes and sly innuendos that accompanied the first articles about it, one tends to think that all the concepts that we naturists accept as gospel are accepted by the man in the street also. So comments such as these by some of the more







THE COMING OF AGE





Family Group

Left: First place winner of £10.50 is an American reader who shot this picture of his English wife and infant daughter on a Florida beach. The family are active members of a nudist sun-park near Des Plaines, in their home-state of Illinois.



Right: A Lancashire father submitted this picture of himself and son engrossed in playing chess. Takes second prize.



Left: This family group of children was photographed at Eureka sun club. Both lensman and club will receive third prize of £3.15.



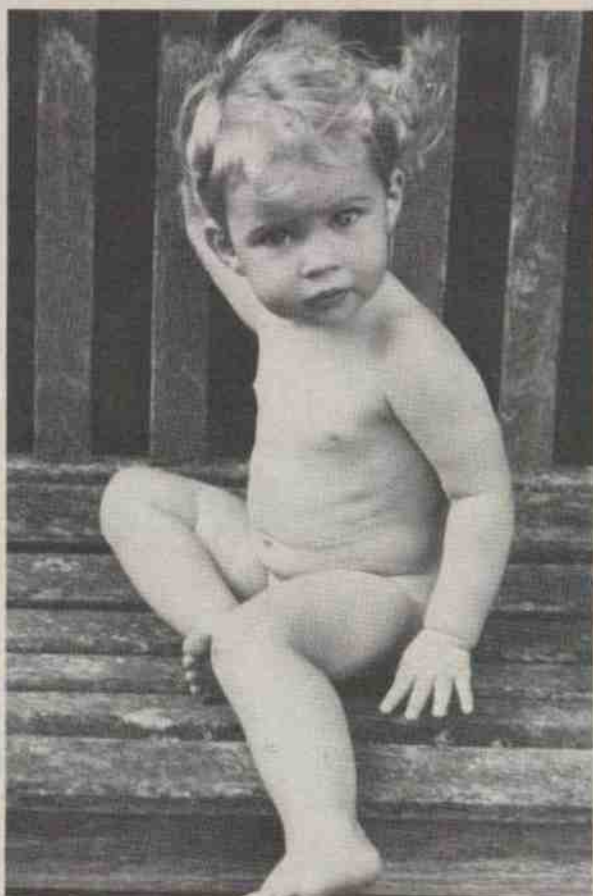


Family Group

Winner this month (left) has recorded delight of children involved in 'stoking' stove of traditional style sauna cabin.

Study of single child (below left) was sufficiently appealing to qualify for second prize of £5.25.

These youngsters (below right) of the South Herts Naturist Youth Group were photographed at Fiveacres Country Club prior to plunge in swim-pool.



READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, Peenhill Limited, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. The opinions expressed in correspondence from readers do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

THIS month our readers share with you a variety of ideas from worries about narrow shoulders (is that all he worries about) through free beaches and all inclusive nudity to something we have called Marking Time.

NO SAND KICKER

I AM a regular reader of Health & Efficiency. I like it in all respects. However, I have a problem so I write hoping you can help me. The trouble is that I am so thin and have such narrow shoulders.

The thing worries me because when I am at the beach, whether it is naturist or otherwise, I get an inferiority complex. Worse, I have no success with the girls.

Could you advise me how to remedy the situation, especially with regard to the shoulders?

France. G.R.

(You do not say your age. But at any age a sane diet and programmed exercise is likely to improve your physique. As to the size of your shoulders, you shouldn't worry. It is strange, but true, that girls show little interest in the big muscled man. A big physique in any part of the body is not important. Your attitude to life and your health is.—Ed.)



Adonis beside the sea. But is it true the girls prefer the sand-kicking muscleman?

NO PERSON ARTER

I READ with interest the opening paragraph ('I very rarely read further') of your correspondent Wallace Arter and his memories that there was a gentleman some two years ago who doubted very much the authority of Wallace Arter and that he, Wallace Arter, had proved beyond a shadow of doubt that there was such a person. He went on to say that I had said I would pay the Editor £5 if Wallace Arter proved his existence.

Well now, to start with 'Wallace Arter's' memory is even worse than his pithy articles because I wrote that letter nearly six years ago—not two! Secondly, how Arter, did you prove beyond a shadow of doubt you existed? I asked for any reader, old or young, who knew you personally to come forward and back up your claim. I also said that you should submit a full-length photograph of yourself to be published in H.&E.

No one came forward to back up your claim, neither did you have published any photograph of yourself. What's wrong? Are you shy? Perhaps your family or your close friends don't know you are a naturist or that you don't want them to know. All you said in your answer six years ago was that dozens of people could vouch for your authenticity and that you lived not far from the writer—Westerham.

What did that prove? Precisely nothing. In H.&E. a couple of years or so ago, there appeared a series of articles accompanied by photographs of people well known in the naturist world—but you were conspicuous by your absence. There was no lengthy article of our famous Wallace Arter with photograph. Why?

... I have belonged to naturist clubs up and down the country since 1939. ... I have been to Heritage, Five Acres, Spielplatz for 30 years—North Kent, White House, Eureka, Surrey Downs (many years ago) and many times I have asked whether anyone had met the mythical Wallace Arter. No one ever had.

... I'll lay my bet again, but increase it to £10 if any reader will support Wallace Arter's claim that he exists...

Westerham. Derek Smith



Too little to write to us yet? We can wait. We have for 78 years so far.

*'Yesterday upon the stair,
I saw a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today,
I wish the hell He'd go away.'*

(I thought Derek the above ditty might fit the bill. All I can say is that I have asked your mythical Wallace Arter to let me have an article. Lo and behold, the article arrives! I grant you that is no positive evidence of his existence. But if a ghost is pushing those typewriter keys, we are onto something big. And greater men than us have wondered about existence. Wasn't there some guy who gathered fame with the immortal words: 'I am because I am.' Methinks he wasn't too sure even then. I hope some reader satisfies you Derek. Peace of mind is useful, and so is £10.—Ed.)

FREE SUN ON THE BEACHES

FROM the Ms. of the article 'Free Sun on the Beaches,' submitted 29/7/77, will you please delete paragraph 9 on page 1, which reads 'At Doi Mai, near the border ... Solars and Free Beaches available.'

Paragraph 11 should be amended as follows:

No council anywhere on our coastline has yet had quite enough courage to designate a beach with official notices indicating that it is

for 'Costumes Optional' sea-bathing. At least the Police, at long last, have now been told to take no action at Pilchards Cove and adjacent Slapton Sands. Perhaps this will give courage to Hornsey and Perranporth, so nearly the leaders, and speed the negotiations with Hastings and authorities in Kent.

Camb. Phil Vallack

(The above arrived too late for the article to be amended.—Ed.)

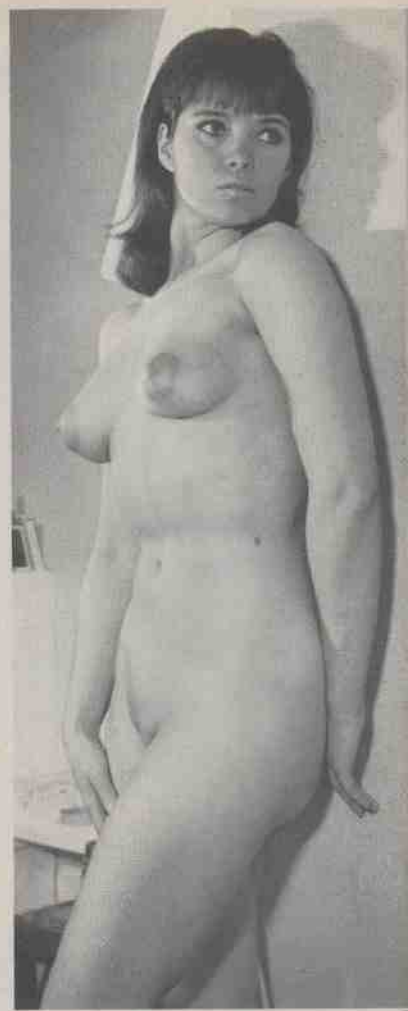
HAIRY GO AGAIN

MY wife and I have been very interested to read frequent references to depilation in H.&E. We have been nudists for five years and began to depilate when the subject was first aired in its pages. We have never regretted that decision. Apart from her blonde hair which she cut down to about half-an-inch (12 mm) and which she may now cut off entirely, like the attractive black girl in the current issue of H.&E., my wife was very happy to remove all her body and pubic hair. Although I naturally had more qualms about shaving my genitals than my head, I have followed suit and now have a completely smooth body from top to toe.

In our view, not only is the effect of depilation pleasing aesthetically and essentially

Female Beauty

Gorgeous girl on left takes £10. Relaxed lass below gets £5 and indoor beauty on right £3.



Your Picture Prizes

WOMEN first of course. So let us look at the wonderful results we have been sent in this class. The girl I have placed first is just great. What a picture of youthful health and freedom in nature. What makes this picture (apart from the subject) is the feeling of openness given by the situation. Too much nudist photography takes place within the confines of club or limited beach. This is a welcome change. Just one small criticism. The print is a bit light and could do with more contrast. Perhaps a harder grade of paper would be better? Good work Mr. Richards, give us more.

Second and third places in this category go to the two indoor shots. They show what can be done with your camera during the dark months of the year. I put the girl on the bed second. Some of you may recognise her as a model. Well, why not? If your wife won't play—then hire a girl.

The men. Oh well... but congratulations to Helmut Herold—

that's him indoors—for taking first place. Mark and his friend from Eureka collect second and our lone beach ball boy third.

Now Groups. The girls on the steps of the Bamburg ruins in Germany walk away (literally) with first place. Second goes to the group on the rocks—a strong diagonal composition. Third goes to the Mother and Child study taken on the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia.

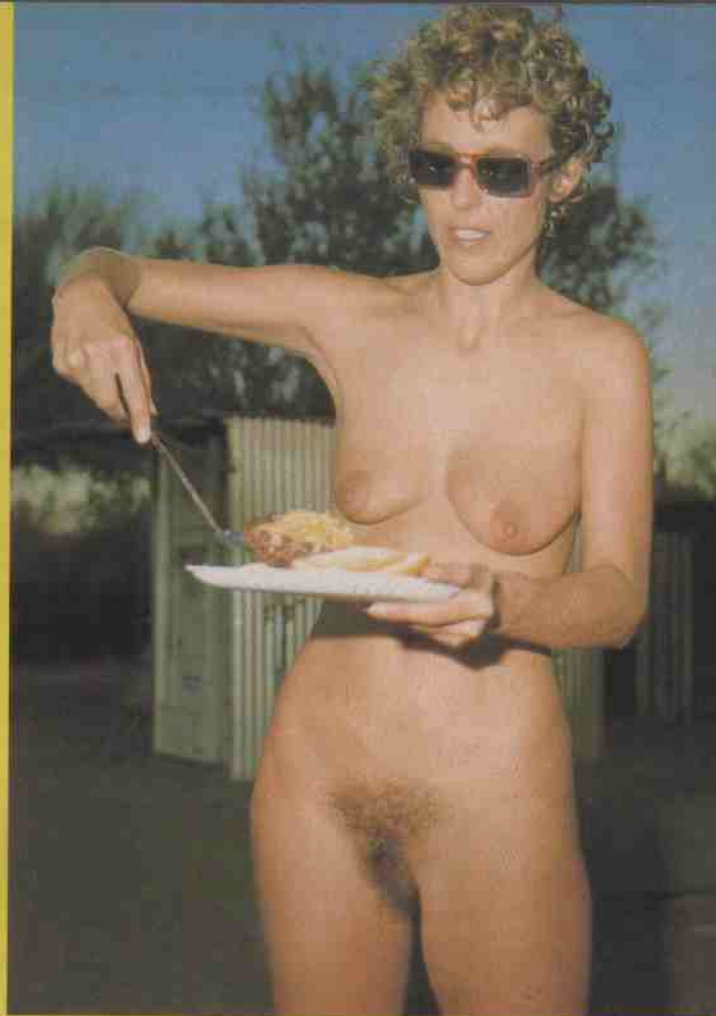
Finally just one prize for the special class this month. And what a beautiful picture it is. Action written all over it. And action caught like this is a winner every time. Readers should try more of it.

When entering these competitions remember it is the unusual and different picture that catches the judges eye. So before you release the shutter ask yourself if the picture you are about to take has sufficient impact and punch to win.



Special Section

Try action; an almost certain winner. This collects £10 for lucky reader.



games. For kids in a nudist camp that game could have little attraction.

The only thing that worries me is that children will chatter their heads off. I'm just a little apprehensive of what the neighbours would think if they knew we were nudists. I suppose that shows that I'm not really completely converted yet, because if I was I wouldn't care who knew. Anyhow, I know for certain that the Smith's across the road go to swapping parties. They have even invited us to join them. The cheek! But as I was saying, if they are not afraid of everyone knowing about them, why should I worry about my harmless adventure.

There's another thing I like about this new fun of ours. Did you know, Joan, that there are dozens of nudist clubs scattered all over the country. More than that, they are scattered all over the world. Once you belong to one, you are free to visit others. There are even quite a lot of 'camps' where you can enjoy a luxury holiday with accommodation up to the best hotel standard! Hope I haven't bored. Next time you call, we'll show you it all—in the flesh.

Love,

Janet.



things better than we manage here?

Anyhow resolved to buy a sun lamp so that I can look like a veteran as soon as possible. I said John took to it at once. But he later told me he wasn't all that cock sure. In fact it was something in that region which worried him. And I must say some of the single girls at the club are darned attractive looking. Apparently that's why he got into the pool so quickly.

From the pool he could take a good look around and get accustomed to the unusualness of it all. He confides that some of the girls do indeed turn him on. But there's a deal of difference between appreciating youthful beauty and wanting to shack up with it. I reckon that John is going to be turned on by young women wherever he is. So if I let that worry me I won't have time to enjoy myself. And just between us Joan, there are a few cracking men. Just a little fantasy now and again does no one any harm. And while I'm on with confidences, you know our sex life is always better after a day at the club. John says it's all the healthy exercise, but I think it's got something to do with us both seeing a lot of attractive bodies. Is that wrong?

And talking about sex, apart from my few little fantasies, there is darn little evidence of anything going on at all. In fact I sometimes think our Nudist friends are too pure to be true. Sometimes I have thought that just being a nudist brings its own hang-ups. They are scared stiff of physical contact. And sometimes I get the impression their gaze is fixed too steadily on the face as if they were frightened they might be caught looking at some place more interesting! To tell the truth, Nudists are disappointingly like just about everyone else.

One good thing about the club is that you can arrange to build your own cabin. Last week-end we rented one already there and stayed from Friday night through Sunday. It really is the life when you can get a few days in like that. To really sleep and eat and live in the country. The air is so good. The food tastes like nothing at home. In the evening we used the barbecue as you'll see in the snaps I'm enclosing. It's years since I enjoyed myself so much. As for the kids, they just loved that food.

And talking about kids, I've been amazed how easily they took to the whole thing. You would think seeing a lot of naked men and women around would come as a pretty big shock, wouldn't you. But not at all. In fact they appear to enjoy the place as though they were born to it. Of



The Club: a place to play—free from the menace of modern traffic.

course kids make friends more easily than adults and I think that has something to do with it. And then several of the fellows really do spoil them.

There is something else I think will be a good thing. You know how curious kids are about sex. Well, I'm not sure that the so-

called sex education in schools is much good. I mean it's a bit silly the teacher doing drawings to illustrate the difference between a man and a woman—don't you think?

At the club the kids are going to grow up knowing just what other boys and girls look like. And

for that, what grown men and women look like. I guess that's a pretty healthy thing. I remember when I was young, I had the weirdest idea of what a naked man looked like. The boys were just as lost. I vaguely think I can remember playing 'You show me yours, and I'll show you mine'



out. The very idea of being undressed in front of *men* as well as women is enough to put off the average mum. But it was something I couldn't duck, since as you know John has been onto me for months about it. He even got the kids ganging up on me. Telling them what a marvellous place it was. I think he even hinted that there would be unlimited free supplies of Coke when (not if, notice) we joined.

Well the first step was for John to get in touch with the club. He wrote and eventually we met another married couple who lived (surprise, surprise) just down the street.

This made things so much easier. You see they were just like us. Dot, that's her name, told me it was easy to get over the first embarrassment of being undressed. I didn't believe her, but I can tell you it's true. But what really swayed me was her point about the kids. She said there were fewer and fewer places where kids could play safely and out of all danger. And that's certainly true round here as you know. But in the club the kids can come to no harm. In truth they can't even get out of the place!

So the great day came. John and the kids of course were out of their clothes and into the swimming pool in a few seconds. On the other hand I just couldn't do it like that. But after hanging about for an hour fully dressed and seeing I was the only one dressed at all, I just couldn't stand it any longer. So off they came!

Soon I was chatting with other couples and meeting new friends. You know, I actually forgot I was undressed. I had been frightened that my figure would look awful. Having kids is not exactly beautifying. But I was no worse and no better than the other mums. Well, perhaps a few were better. I have been putting on a bit of weight lately. Must do something about it. You see... first benefit... I start to look after my health. The other thing I couldn't help noticing was how brown some of the couples were. I felt weedy white. Must do something about that too. One very brown couple I spoke with told me they had just returned from Dubrovnik—of all places. Seems you can get a package tour, via Jumbo every Tuesday. Nudist beaches everywhere they said. I don't believe it. Surely the commies can't do

'The idea of being undressed in front of men ... is enough to put off the average Mum.'



Dear Joan: Dig This!

What is it like to join a nudist club? What thoughts go through your head, what hopes, what fears? How do you find things when you first strip? Do the nudes around turn you on? Or off? Janet Robins found out and wrote her thoughts to an old friend. Then she sent us a copy.

DEAR Joan,
You remember when I last wrote I mentioned we were thinking about joining our local nudist friends at their club. Well, now we have done it! No, you are quite wrong. We haven't gone out of our minds. And we haven't

joined the swingers. It's nothing like that at all.

I know you'll be full of curiosity about it all so settle back and I'll spill the beans.

Actually making up our minds to join was the hardest bit. It is so easy to just refuse to put oneself



still more than a little frightened of sexual matters. Montalivet, near Bordeaux is becoming world famous as the resort most appalled and frightened by any show of even the mildest eroticism. While this monk-like approach to sex obtains inside the clubs, we can hardly expect fast progress outside.—Ed.)

RETOUCHING AND DEPILATION

I HAVE been reading assiduously your magazine for several years. A lot of problems are raised and discussed seriously. The articles are healthy, natural, clear and diversified.

The pictures also are in a natural taste and reflect better than a long speech what is the free and healthy life in the middle of nature.

Until now, nothing was hidden from us. Women were shown really like nature created them. But for some time, we have had pictures, very beautiful and pure indeed, but with some very clever retouching, well put together, which breaks away from nature. We feel a vacuum, a lack and even an offence to the creation.

Some women like to be depil-

ated and were presented in your pages in such a state. But now, it's over.

I would like to receive your magazine with some natural pictures and of course without retouching. This because I like pure lines and forms and also because a woman must be a woman and not something incomplete.

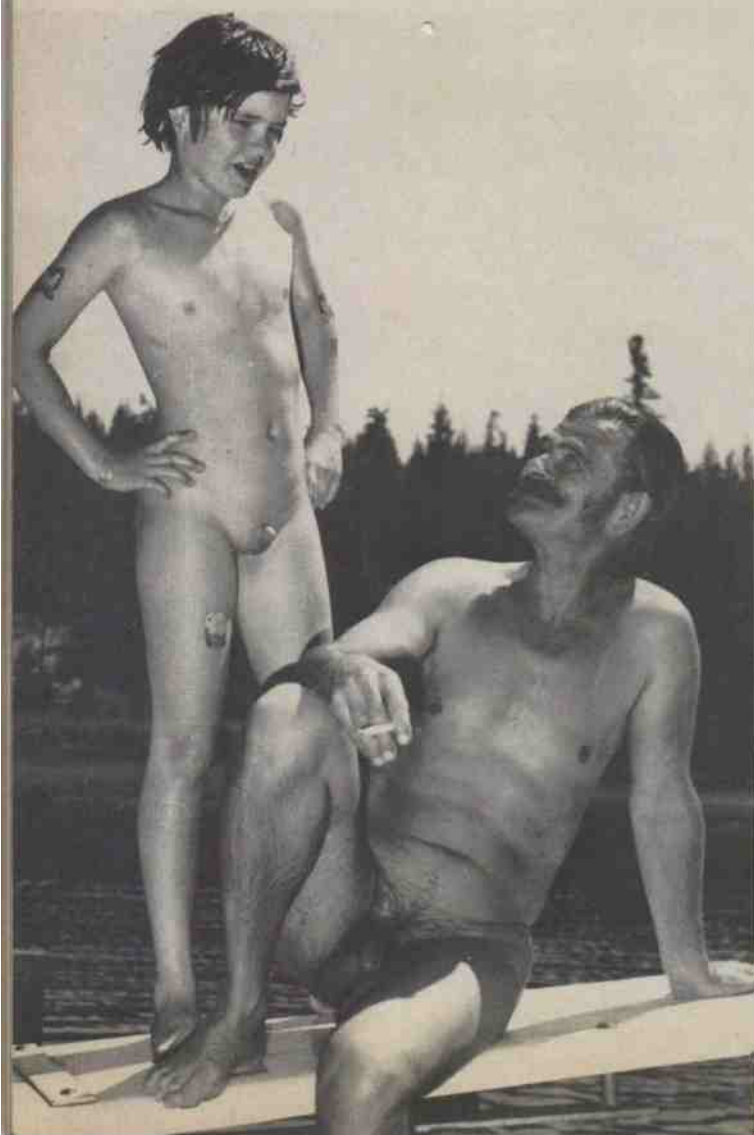
Orléans

J. P. Finance

(H.&E. [which was the pioneer in this field] stopped for years any retouching of pictures prior to publication and tries to refuse, among the pictures offered, any print which would have suffered such a treatment. This does not mean that we limit ourselves to the ... gynecological angles which are nowadays the preserve of some "men's magazines". It would be contrary to the "natural" approach you seem to appreciate in H.&E.—Ed.)

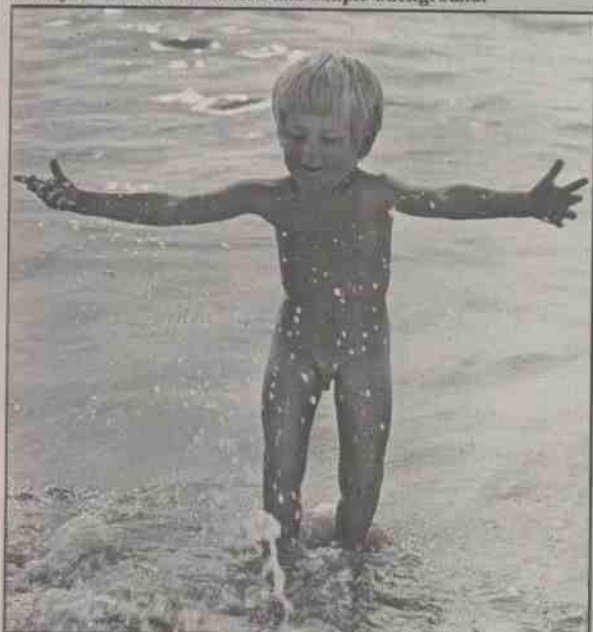
YOUNG LOLITAS

I AM a regular reader of your magazine. I found in it the inspiration for practising naturism not in a club, but with a group of three to four families, mostly in the country house owned by a friend of ours.

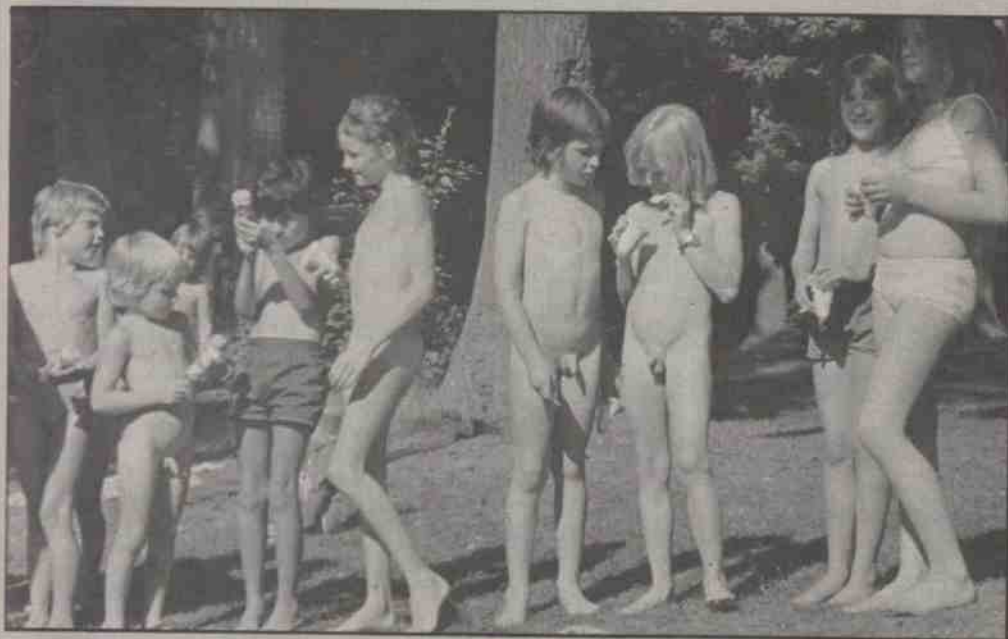


Children

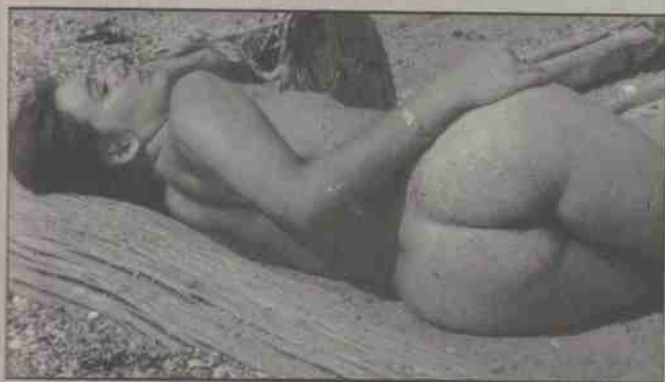
FIRST Child in the water only just got the top prize of £10 mainly because of the action and simple background.



SECOND Could have been the winner but oh that background, so cluttered and broken up. A background like this destroys the unity of the picture.



THIRD This happy group of kids shows Eureka's unique rule in action: 'Dress is optional and so is undress.'



FIRST Artistic aspirations? Contrasting soft flesh, hard timber and shingle.

ALL THE WINNERS

LADIES first. So let us look at this month's crop of beauties. And they are good this month. The standard is high but there are still a few words to be said. First place goes to the beautiful young woman in the woods. I see the photographer lives in Kent, sometimes known as the Garden of England. I'm not sure, but I think I would have liked to see a more open background. As it is, all those branches of the trees bared of their leaves are rather distracting. And, with a model like this, who wants distraction.

Second prize goes to the lithe lass bending over backwards to please. A nice 'action' type of indoor shot. However it is perhaps a little too obviously taken with flash. The reflections from the background are again rather distracting. But the skin tones are mostly very well rendered.

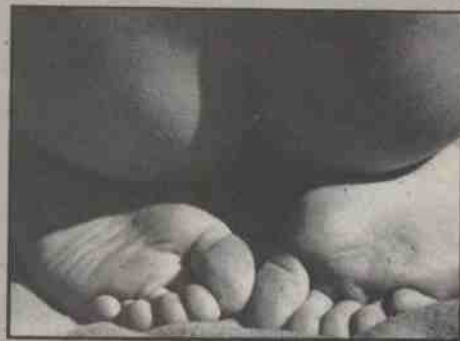
Finally, we come to the entry sent us by a reader in Kiel. Good work, but again grain is obvious and the rather strained pose doesn't help.

Now, let us turn to the men. I'm giving first prize to Susan Mayfield's shot of the young man. Not because she is one of our most popular contributors but because of the excellent way the figure stands out from the background. I suppose the obviously posed stance is acceptable when it represents a normal action in this particular discipline. I have no comment on second or third.

Children? Those placed first and second are among the best we have ever published. Praise could not be higher.

Finally the specials. Only two prizes this time. First to the sandy lass, and, well the other is really the end.

Special Class



SECOND Another very individual interpretation of curves, rhythms and masses. Odd thought. Both photographers in this class are architects—does that explain anything?

Associates is at the confluence of various trout streams. A short walk up a camp road, a brief climb down a wooded hillside where blueberry bushes abound, and you will find yourself looking up at the majestic sight. On a sunny day the small trip is well worth your while.

The alpine-cabin looking clubhouse—swallows nesting under the roof—has a dance hall occupying the basement area, and both Saturday and Sunday nights the place was jam-packed with visitors drinking beer served from a keg, and dancing to the music by Ron Welch and his musicians from Hyperion Club. Upstairs on the ground floor there is an original Finnish electric sauna with attached hot room, showers and toilets. The sauna saw a lot of use every day, but particularly at times of heavy downpour from the dark skies. The main floor houses a recreation hall with ping-pong and pool tables, library,



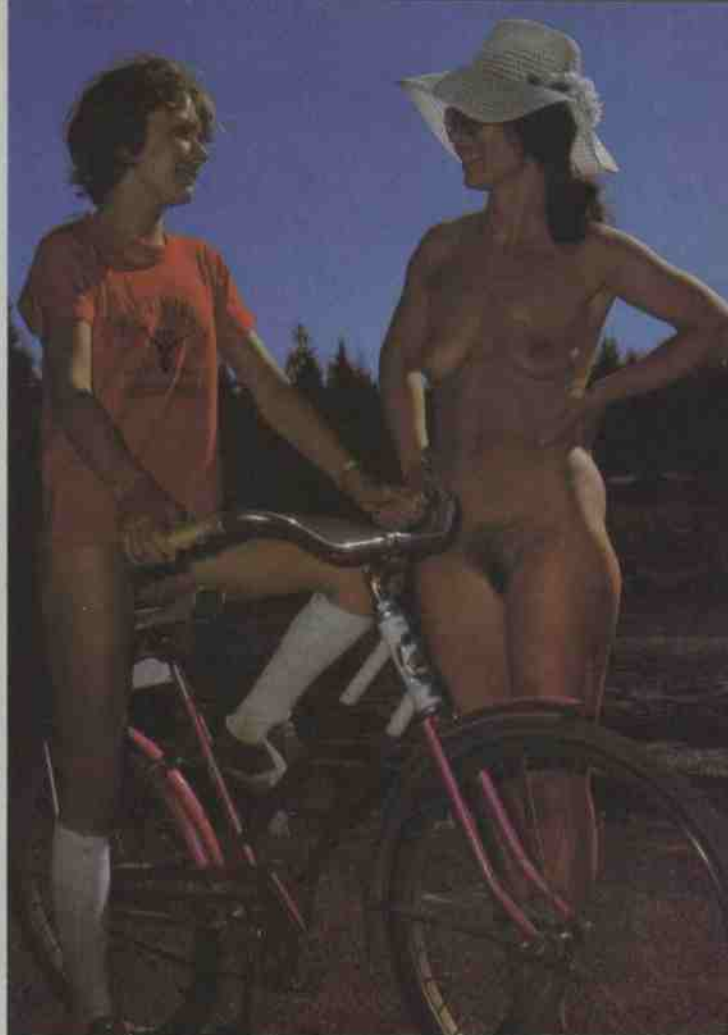
ice cream and coke machines, juke-box, bulletin board, and a modernly equipped all-electric members' kitchen. From here, a panoramic window offers a sweeping view of the lake. Sunday night at 10.45 p.m. the teenagers took over the recreation hall for their own dance, and no adults over 21 were allowed in. Above it, an open half-loft in natural wood, with gable windows and a large skylight, lends spaciousness to the recreation hall and adds several hundred square feet of floor area. The loft provided space for dozens of visitors—mainly teenagers—dozing off in sleeping bags.

Both Saturday and Sunday big meals were served, namely western beef barbecue prepared for several hours on an electric spit, and a roast turkey dinner topped by slices of convention cake, a specially prepared and stacked layers of delicious dessert. To work all these goodies off, visitors and members took up their competitive sports with a vengeance, or went off in exploration of the scenic nature. A brisk 30 minutes' walk takes you along wooded paths to a big bend in the Sultan River, at a place where low water levels expose rapids, giant rounded rocks dotting the river-

bed, and the equivalent to tide pools.

Frank, Lake Associate's manager and our guide on the hike, told us of the black bears, deer and puma native to the region, as well as of coyotes and an occasional white wolf. But, he reassured us, the animals run away when meeting with the dreaded homo sapiens! Lilac, white, and hybrid foxgloves are plentiful along the paths, and yellow and white daisies are just abundant. This excursion in a sylvan setting should not be missed by anyone planning to spend more than a day or two at Lake Associates.

How would you like to roam bare among bears? You can if you're quick at this club near Sultan, U.S.A. For pumas, bears and deer all take fright at the sight of a naked homo sapien says Leif Heilberg. Below he gives a first hand description of what a U.S. convention is like.





JOLLY LA JOLLA!

Is the nude rude, lewd or even both? Many citizens living near La Jolla in southern California think not. Unfortunately they have failed to convince all their neighbours. If we in Europe sometimes think the USA the land of the free, the fate of La Jolla's beach may change our minds.





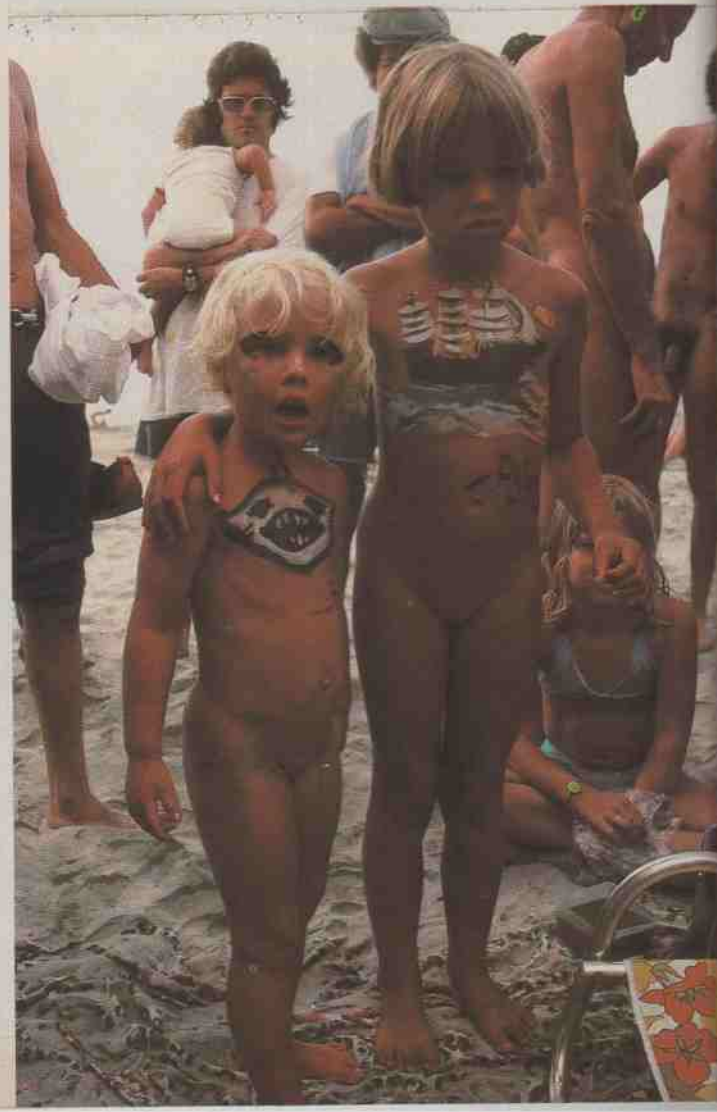
because they didn't have official permission. The small rumpus caused by this prohibition awoke the local radio and TV stations. There followed six radio talks and five TV shows. Immediately the opposition came out to do battle. A notice saying 'swim suits optional beyond this sign' attracted an aerosol pervert who scrawled 'Sinners' across the notice.

Beach neighbours found reason to complain. One said he saw two nude men walking past his house *hand in hand*. Down La Jolla way they jolla well don't do that! Another was shocked almost out of his pants when he saw a bloke quite starkers jump into his swimming pool. A third neighbour complained 'he pissed right in our front garden'.

Leading the fight against the nudists is the Catholic Church. Fornication is implied. But no one can prove it. Fornicating in the sand is hardly a happy pastime. More effective criticism is aimed at trying to prove child harm. A city councillor asked 'Is the body painting of young children a crime?' He answered himself 'It is not a crime . . .' he said.

Another councillor said 'I'm not sure it's against the law to fornicate on the beach either? It comes down to standards. Is this what we want? . . .'





OUT OF THIS

How often have you said 'I want to get away from it all?' Well here is your chance. In the remote mountain area of southern France, you will be so far away from it all that after a few weeks you will be delighted to get back to the rat race. The romantically named Chandelalar opens up a world that has stood still for hundreds of years. Lance Ridgeway is your guide.

CHANDELALAR is high. Chandelalar is remote, and if its name reminds you of a lost city that could be no coincidence. For the young husband and wife who have created this resort out of nothing could hardly have chosen a place more fitting their desire to escape from the rigours of the contemporary city.

Michelin map No. 81 provides your best guide. Turn to page nine



Like a game of draughts or chess perhaps? This maxi-sized board allows everyone to join in.



and in the bottom half look for the town of Puget Théniers. Now to the south-west locate Castellane. Between these two towns you will locate St. Auban and nearby Briançonnet. This last is the town you must find to discover Chandelalar.

We decided to look it up one day when we were resting at Gorghetta. This well known naturist resort you will probably know is not far from Nice in the south of France. The nearest town is Levens about 30 kilometres up the N202. Now looking at the map you will discover that Briançonnet appears to be practically next door. And so we thought.

So one sunny morning we loaded the car and climbed down the steep road from the camp to the main road below. At La Roquette on the N202 we branched off onto the D17 lead-

WORLD



Yves and Paulette Boisgontier and children build their own home at Chandelalar.

ing to Roquesteron. Immediately we were out of this world. The road once it crossed the river started to climb up and up.

You will find no tourist cars on this route. To tell the truth you will find no cars at all. As you climb higher and higher, the valley below and the mountains beyond open up a splendid vista. Minute farmhouses scattered over the lower reaches of the mountains seem to cling to their perches like mountain goats. The views are unforgettable. After Roquesteron we passed through Sigale, then connected with the N211A all the way to Brianconnet. So diverse and interesting was the trip that it was not until late afternoon that we pulled up in front of the small town's only hotel. As I said this part of the world attracts no tourists and the hotel was threatened with closure for lack of custom.

The village itself is like something out of an ancient French grammar. The church still dominates the one street. Women still move about in all enveloping black clothing. They are curious about strangers. Naturally; they never see any. Say 'hello' and they will either smile broadly or rush back to the shelter of their sun baked clay faced homes. But unlike the hotel, the village is still very much alive. Before retiring for the night we decided to have a drink in the deserted bar of the hotel. To our surprise two young men entered together with a young woman. So there were people under the age of 70 still around in the village. To our even greater surprise the young men talked in English. We made contact. 'Come along to our place,' said one of the lads. We were astonished to discover he had bought one of the old homes here and made it over



as his own. He *lived* there! Did he know of the naturist resort known as 'Chandelalar'? 'Ah,' he said, 'I wondered why on earth you should be here.' He knew the place well and the next morning took us around to meet the owners.

The road curves out of the town and you must keep a sharp look out for the sign beside the road or you can easily pass by. Fortunately there is only one road out of the town, the one leading to St. Auban. You branch off at the sign and find yourself travelling along a rough and dusty road slowly climbing up a long hill. Beside the road you may notice a seemingly never ending snake of black plastic pipe. But more of that later.

Eventually you arrive at the house the owners have built for themselves in this magnificent wilderness. All around lie the grounds. The resort's real name is Le Haut Chandelalar, and you can enjoy the crystal clear air the height brings, especially if you have come by way of the Mediterranean. You are, after all, some 4,000 feet above sea level, and in the heart of the Alpes Maritimes—that place most travellers only see from the air as they wing their way towards Nice.

Old-fashioned rules

In all the grounds occupy about 100 acres; some 60 of those devoted to nudity. You can camp here or you can place your caravan on special sites provided with water and electricity. If you really want to get away from everything, even your fellow naturists you can do that too. You can act the hermit if you wish. And your wish will be understood. They grow their own vegetables and what they don't or can't grow you can still purchase on the site.

For your entertainment there are long country walks, though not all of them can be taken nude. You can spend a day visiting the river. You have to cross a public road to get there, so you must carry some garments with you. The river in summer at least, would be more properly described as a stream. It is pleasant and safe to wade in but so shallow you will hardly find any place deep enough to swim.

What does it cost? Because of the fluctuating pound all I can say is that it is one of the cheaper resorts. You can find out exactly by writing to Yves et Paulette Boigontier at Le Haut Chandelalar, Les Comanches, Briançonnet, 06850 Saint Auban, Alpes Maritime, France. If you book for camping some time ahead for more than a week's stay you may collect a discount.

Chandelalar seemed to me to belong to the idealistic wing of French naturism. For instance you cannot buy wine at the camp although other drinks (non-alcoholic) are available. The rules of the camp too may appear old fashioned in our eyes. For instance rule five demands you be careful about what you wear—no underclothing, no night dresses, etc. And watch it, no high heels,

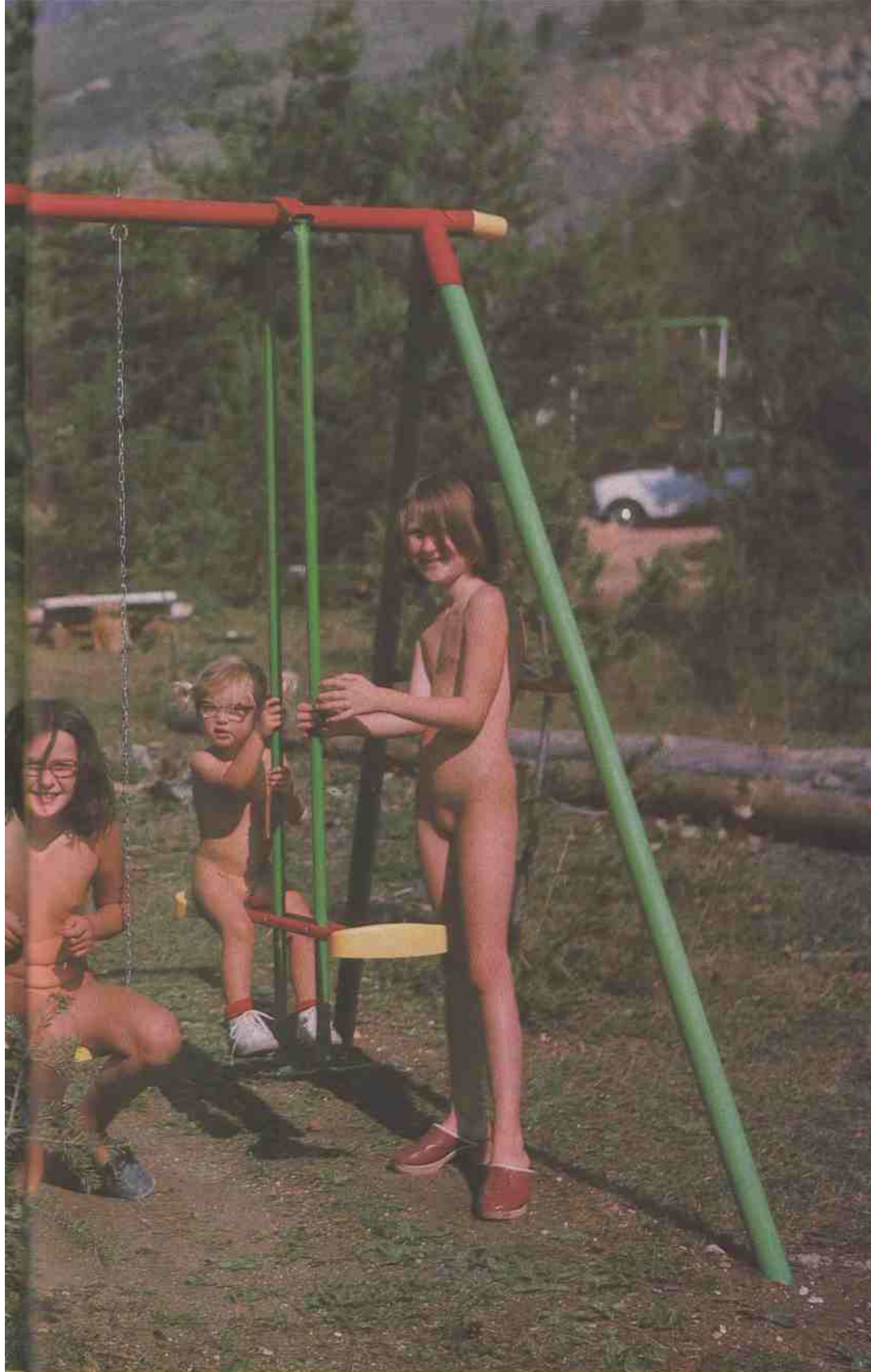
perfumes or jewels. Shades of ancient Montalivet. Rule three insists you use your car only as necessary and certainly not for driving around the camp. Finally you must have a naturist passport to get into the place and if you are a minor then you need your parents' written permission if you want to come in without them. In addition to your passport they say in their rules they

also require proof of identity.

In the camp are the usual facilities for games and in addition the unusual facility for playing outdoor chess on large permanent concrete chess boards.

Even at this height you are sure to enjoy a swim in their heated swimming pool. Heated? That's right. The water is brought several miles across the hills and valleys. It travels in that black plastic





pipe and gets hotter and hotter with every yard under the boiling sun.

While I described the approach from the direction of Nice, most visitors will want to approach from the east or perhaps north. In this case take a map of France and locate Lyons to the south-west of Paris. Now further south-west you will find the city of Grenoble. Further south-west

again and you will pick up the town of Gap. The last town is still further south-west and is called Digne. Michelin map No. 989 is useful for this exercise.

But having located the town of Digne you would be best advised to look at a larger scale map—say Michelin No. 81. From Digne take the route Napoleon through Castellane to Le Logis du Pin. Here you branch off onto the

N211. Stick to this road through la Foux and St. Auban towards Briançonnet. Shortly before you reach this last town you should see on your left the sign telling you about the camp. If you arrive at the village of Briançonnet, then you have gone too far. If you really get lost, and it is not difficult in this remote part of the world, then telephone 60-43-83.

Remember that because of this

isolation you will need to carry as much as possible with you. A car is absolutely essential. Although you can buy a certain amount at Briançonnet you would be better advised to go to St. Auban. Buses serve the area as follows:

Visitors agree

Bus in the direction of Puget-Théniers every day except Sunday. Buses leave nearby St. Auban for Grasse and Cannes, and another leaves from Le Logis du Pin (N85) for Nice, Cannes and Grasse (the perfume town). Another bus from the same place goes via Grenoble to Geneva and in summer to Paris.

Here are some of the rules of the camp mentioned earlier.

1. Everyone entering the nudist area must have a naturist Passport. The admission of minors without their parents is forbidden. As well as your passport you should present evidence of identity.

2. You may not remain more than three months running.

3. You can use your car to establish your camp on arrival and to break up on leaving. The rest of the time it must be kept in the parking area.

4. Parents are responsible for their children's behaviour. Children must not be left alone.

5. The first part of the rule refers to clothing, etc., as mentioned earlier. The second is interesting. It says, 'All collections . . . and discussions on politics . . . confessionals (?) . . . or other propaganda things are prohibited.' The next sentence very freely translated reads, 'All doings, gestures, . . . and attitudes not coming up to the highest moral standard will result in the immediate throwing out of the guilty.' So watch it!

8. No photography of any kind without the written permission of those photographed.

9. It is absolutely forbidden to disturb any birds or animals, or to cut any of the vegetable growth.

10. It is absolutely forbidden to light any fires or make a barbecue. Smokers are warned too. They are told where they cannot smoke and where they can be careful.

I spoke with the owners about some of these rules and suggested they were a bit harsh. Strangely enough they agreed. However, they said they were necessary and further that those who came to their camp were perfectly happy to accept them.

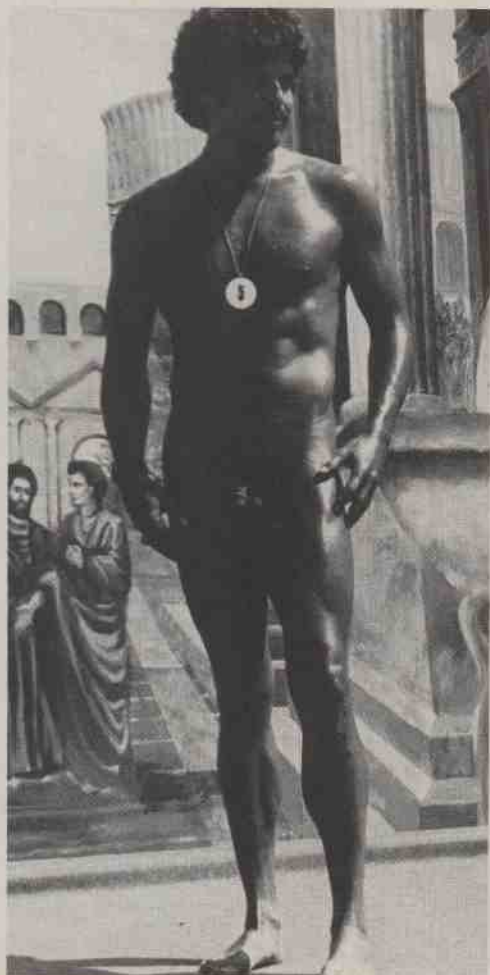
And I think that is true. After all, they are only made with the idea of allowing you to enjoy the maximum of peace and quiet. And believe me that is what Chandelalar is all about.



Men

First prize of £10 goes to the picture of the contemplative fellow below.

Second award goes to our first wall climber at the right and
Third prize to the second wall climber below him.
What has got into these fellows?



Groups

First goes to the beautifully sharp picture at the left. Taken in a USA Club.

Second prize below depicts teenagers at Montalivet wondering what to do next. Third prize (below right) is taken by picture which has both quantity and quality.



You may think the winter months hardly the time for photography. Murray James suggests you try artificial light in your own home. There is lots of fun in trying out your skill. Out of doors, you have to take the sun as you find it. No chance of shifting that around! But indoors a whole new world of photography opens up. Here you can shift your sun, or suns, for that matter.

SUMMER IN WINTER

WHAT are you doing talking about figure photography in the month of January? Certainly outdoor figure work is quite impossible in Northern Europe at this time of the year, but have you thought about what can be done indoors?

In our photo competition we give preference to the outdoor shot because that is most in keeping with naturism. But now and again we do admit indoor work.

Perhaps the ideal place to work is in your own home. What do you need. Firstly some sort of backdrop. What you need is something plain and simple. The usual household background is littered with distracting objects. What can you do? You can clear away furniture until you find a clear wall background. But even then you are in trouble. Wallpaper is distracting and even if you are lucky enough to have a plain wall you will find your picture cut in two by the junction of wall and floor, usually with its attendant skirting board.

There are two ways out of this. The first is to get some form of platform which will lift your model above the floor, hence losing the skirting. The other, more difficult and expensive, is to buy a roll of background paper. This you attach near the ceiling and roll down and out on to the



PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are *Female Beauty*, *Group Pictures* and *Men*. In addition there is a *Special Class* to cover any other Naturist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

floor. Your model then stands on the paper and it forms a perfectly smooth backdrop. The paper can be obtained in different colours, but personally I prefer the plain white.

Eventually the paper where your model stands will get dirty and creased. You just scissor this off and pull out more from the roll.

If all this puts you off, then by all means use the normal household furniture. But take care. Get in close and fill the frame with your subject so as to keep out unwanted background objects.

Now what about lighting? The easiest, cheapest and most available is the light from your windows. Your model will have to get as close to the window as

possible. This may entertain the neighbours, so it is only really practical if you are not over-looked.

Even then, there are limitations. Most windows stop well above the floor. Consequently the light is only enough to cover the top half of the model. Never mind, make the most of it. You will find the light is highly directional and consequently dramatic. Great for moody character studies.

But if you want more conventional results, you will have to find some way of throwing extra light into the shadow side of the figure. The conventional wisdom dictates using some sort of reflector. The idea is that you get hold of a large piece of card or

board and stretch over it some highly reflective surface. Aluminium cooking foil is often mentioned. But it needs to be crumpled first to prevent 'hot-spots' of light reflected on to the body. My experience leads me to believe that reflectors very often fail to work and generally speaking are not worth the time and trouble.

That is especially true when you think of how cheap electronic flash has become. Even the automatic kind is now cheap enough in its smaller versions to be available to all. And I do recommend the automatic flash. That is the one which is controlled by a tiny 'electric eye' which measures the amount of light thrown back from the model and shuts down the flash automatically. The old way, where you had to use a flash factor to calculate the camera aperture, is just too much bother.

But once again you are going to have rather a harsh and directional light from just one flash. Nevertheless, if you take care good results can be obtained. Don't expect too much from your first attempt. Use it to experiment. Do not take the manufacturer's recommendations for granted. They always say their product is better than it really is. I have been told the reason for this is that the standard method of power measurement is quite different from the conditions that obtain in the work-a-day world. However, this may be, it is wise to assume that your flash gun is less powerful than advertised. Experiment and you will discover exactly how to use it. In everything photographic, experiment all the time.

The next step with your lighting is to add another flash unit. Again, I suggest this be one of the small, cheap compact automatic units. At the same time you should buy a slave unit. These compact little electronic devices will trigger your second flash immediately the first one fires. It does this simply by picking up the flash of the first—but it does it at the speed of light.

Now with two lights you can work wonders. But we will discuss this in detail later on.



mobility of chromosome-bearing spermatozoa.

This method is based on the fact that ovulation is regulated not only by hormones but is also brought on by sexual excitement, which is certainly the case. But since once more this leads to the notion that only supermen can produce male children, since it is only the exceptionally virile man who can keep up sustained external stimulation, there must be some other answer.

These supermen tend to bring on 'violent ovulation' (i.e., ovulation brought on by sexual excitement). At the moment of ejaculation the ovum is ready for fertilisation so that the boy-producing Y-chromosomes reach the point of conception earlier than the X-chromosomes which favour girls. How else could we explain this tendency of supermen to produce male children?

Of course the theory on the mobility of Y-chromosomes simply operates the other way around.

I have already shown that those unfortunates who cannot keep up sex for long may be able to be helped by means of 'Choice.'



No 'generation gap' here. Idyllic scene beside a lake near Velden, Austria.



This is borne out if this second hypothesis is in fact correct. And help may also be forthcoming as a result of the second method I wish to examine, that put forward by Dr. Otfried Hatzold of Munich.

According to Dr. Hatzold it is possible by using a thermometer to monitor the time of ovulation and thereby choose the time most conducive to having a boy. If you have sex two days before the onset of ovulation you will have a girl, since the Y-chromosomes move more quickly but X-chromo-

somes live longer.

Unfortunately, even though Hatzold's theory has found a good deal of favour, it too is wrong. Hatzold overlooked, for example, that according to the Talmut sexual intercourse is permitted only 13 days after the onset of menstruation, which means it comes exactly during ovulation. Now even if 10% or even as little as 5% of Jews held to this modern Israel would have a considerable preponderance of boys.

Hatzold also overlooked some biological facts. For example, unlike the female human, many mammals go on heat at the moment of ovulation. This is when the bull knows it is time to serve his dairy herd. According to Hatzold, this should produce largely male bullocks, but this is quite obviously not the case. Or, to take another example, many rodents, among them the rabbit, only start to ovulate during copulation, yet every child knows it is not the case that the latter consists



IF you take a look at your friends you will almost certainly find ample evidence to bear out the old saying 'The desire for a son is the father of many a daughter.' And it has long been a source of fascination to many that there are men who have only sons in their first marriage and in their second nothing but daughters. Similarly, there are women who bear nothing but daughters by one marriage and nothing but sons by another.

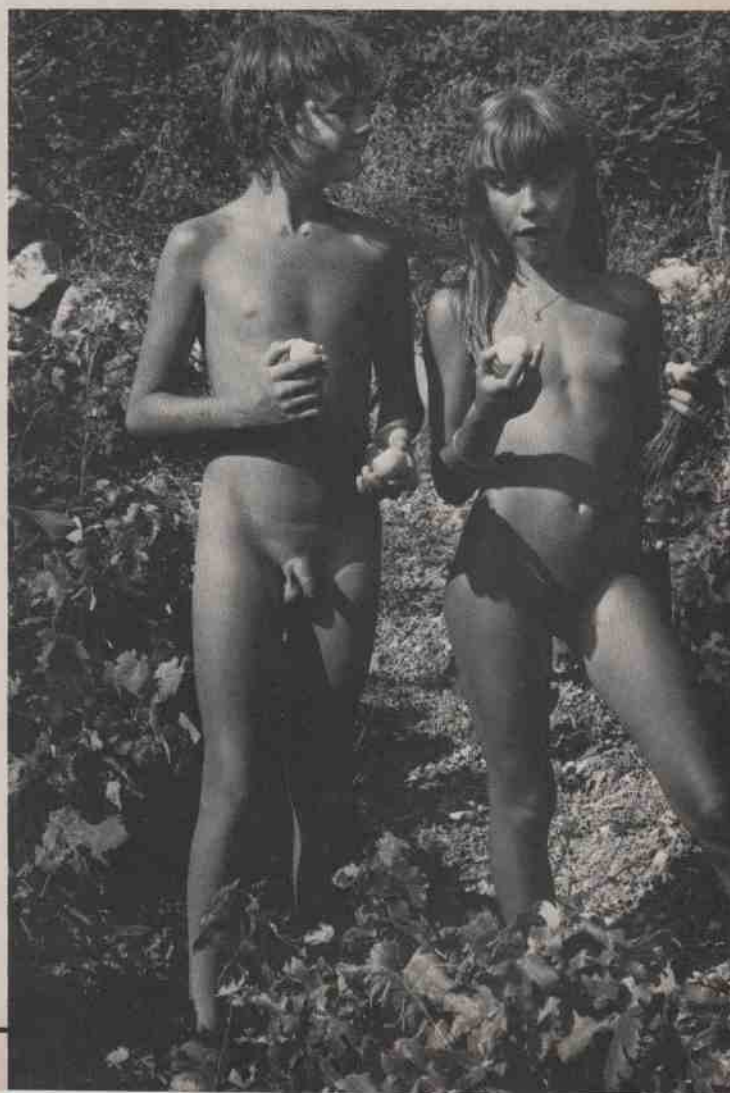
Those who followed the ways of magic maintained that boys are produced when conception takes place during the phase of the waxing moon. And in the Tirol it was the rule that if a man wanted a son he had to keep his boots on during intercourse. In other parts of Europe men tried to achieve the same result by smearing the penis with the blood of a hare, which bears some resemblance to the Oriental custom of inscribing the penis before penetration. The Ukrainians seem to have the most satisfactory answer, believing that if the women is sexually satisfied she will bear a male child, if not, then she will bear a girl. On the other hand, the moralists have always insisted that unbridled lust dissipated male potency, which led to the birth of girls as a punishment (an attitude which led to the abase-

ment of the female sex), whereas the birth of a boy evinced not only the potency of the father but also meant he was a person of upright morality. Thus the father of a number of sons was seen as a symbol of divine pleasure.

Now in our so-called enlightened age we have turned to scientific methods in order to deal with the same problem, though the irritating thing about the result of this is that these very scientific methods seem to reinforce the old idea that the birth of sons is a sign of masculinity. It is these scientific methods that I would like to look at now.

Let's take as starting points the following facts:-

1. That in the emission of any fertile man the X-chromosomes which produce girls exist in a 1:1 proportion with the Y-chromosomes (the producers of boys).
 2. The Y-chromosomes are more sensitive to acids than the X-chromosomes, and the X-chromosomes are more sensitive to alkalis than Y-chromosomes.
 3. That the Y-chromosomes are more mobile than the X-chromosomes, and thus reach the point of fertilisation (the ovum) more quickly, which is why X-chromosomes live longer than Y-chromosomes.
- Modern theory on what



BEAUTIFUL SAMANTHA

Samantha, the little blonde, chats about her naughty brother and dreams of the day when she is grown up and famous and rich enough to buy her own sunclub.

In the meantime, Samantha bares all her thoughts—listen.

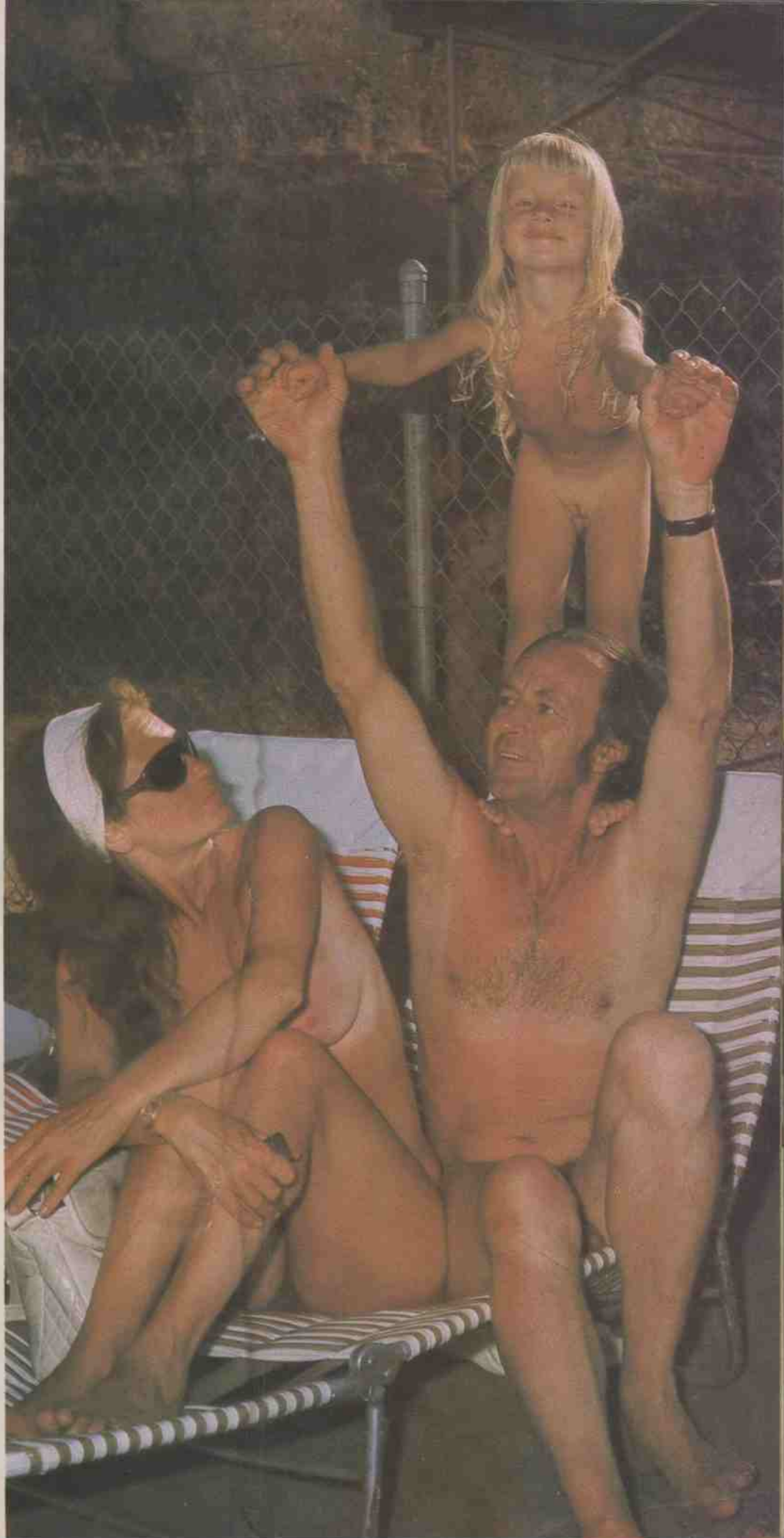
MY name is Samantha. I'm the pretty one. No, not her. She's my mum. Oh yes, I suppose she's pretty in her way. I suppose she must be 'cause I heard daddy say so.

I'm not only pretty, I'm glamorous too. Like a film star. Daddy told me that too. I love my daddy. I think he's handsome and the best daddy in the world. I love my mummy too of course. But sometimes she's a bit tire-



some. Always making me do things I don't want to. And when I say I won't—she says I will. Then just because she's bigger and taller and stronger, I have to. Sometimes I think we don't need mummy. I think my dad and I could get along all right.

My brother? You mean Jacky. He's a goof. Not at all pretty. He's horrible. He's ugly, greedy, pushing and . . . and . . . mad! Just because he's older than me,



he thinks he can order me around. He says all girls are sissy.

And when we go to the club he's always fighting other boys. What club did you ask? Well, I suppose I can trust you. Mummy says I shouldn't tell everyone about it, but I'll whisper—it's a nudist club. Oh, so you're one too. Then I can show you our pictures.

The nice colour ones first. See, that's me with mummy holding onto me. I *am* glamorous, aren't I? See how nice my hair looks.

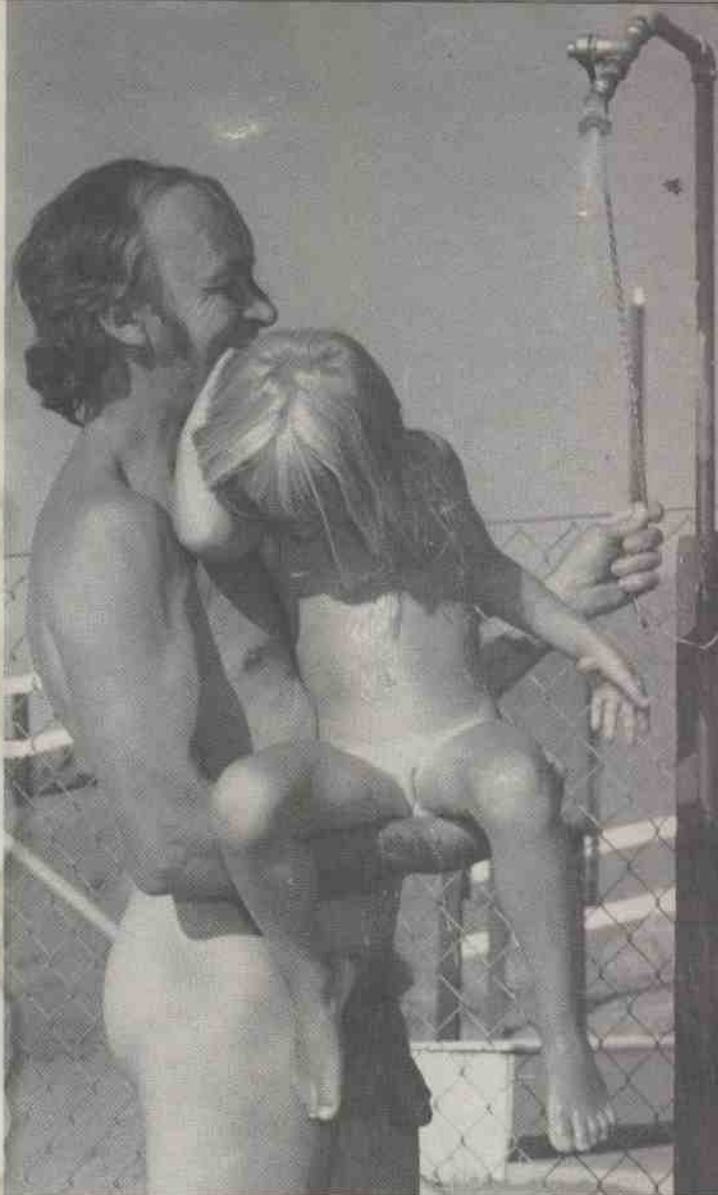
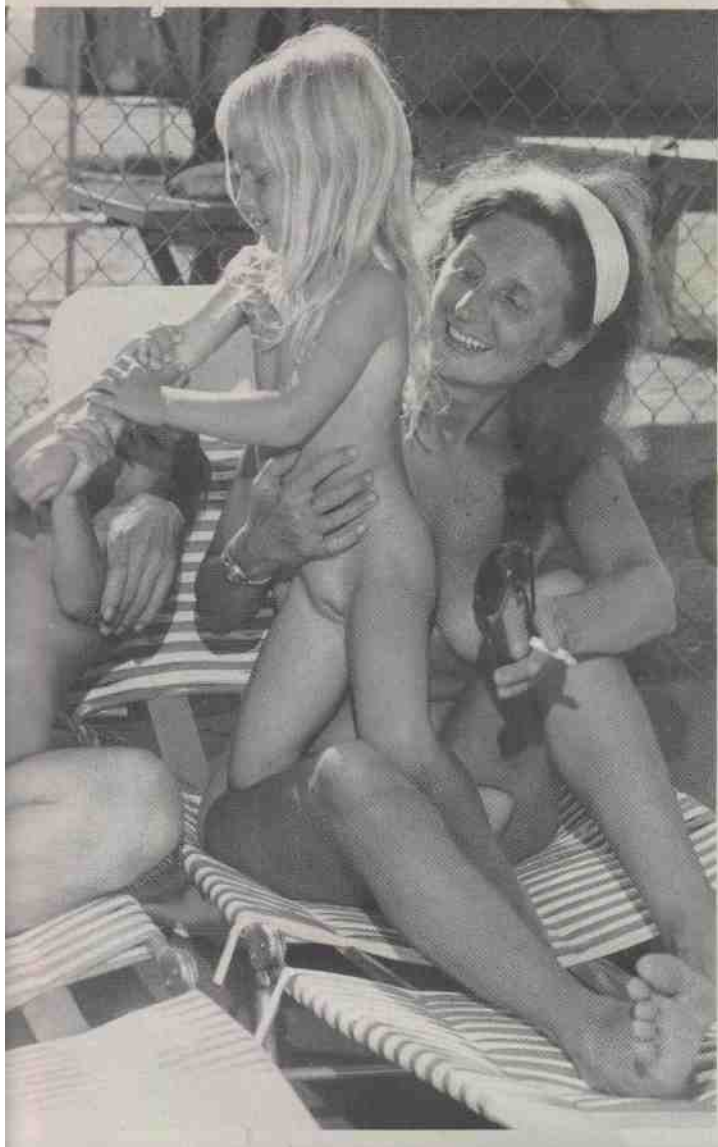
And of course that's daddy and Jacky. See how horrid he is. See his nasty little fist all screwed up there. That was because he was punching daddy.

And you see that one where we are all on the sun beds and Jacky has grabbed me. Well that was taken just after the colour one like it. You see what he's like. When he couldn't punch daddy he had to mess around. I told mummy she should stop him.

And see the one in the pool.

You can see how mummy and daddy like me best. They are keeping the water bed for me alone. Jacky has to fight the other boys for one. They are silly. They keep knocking each other off and screaming and yelling so. I never do that. One day a man came across and asked daddy to keep Jacky under control. When he had gone, daddy opened another can of beer and said the man was an 'officious bully'. What does 'officious' mean?



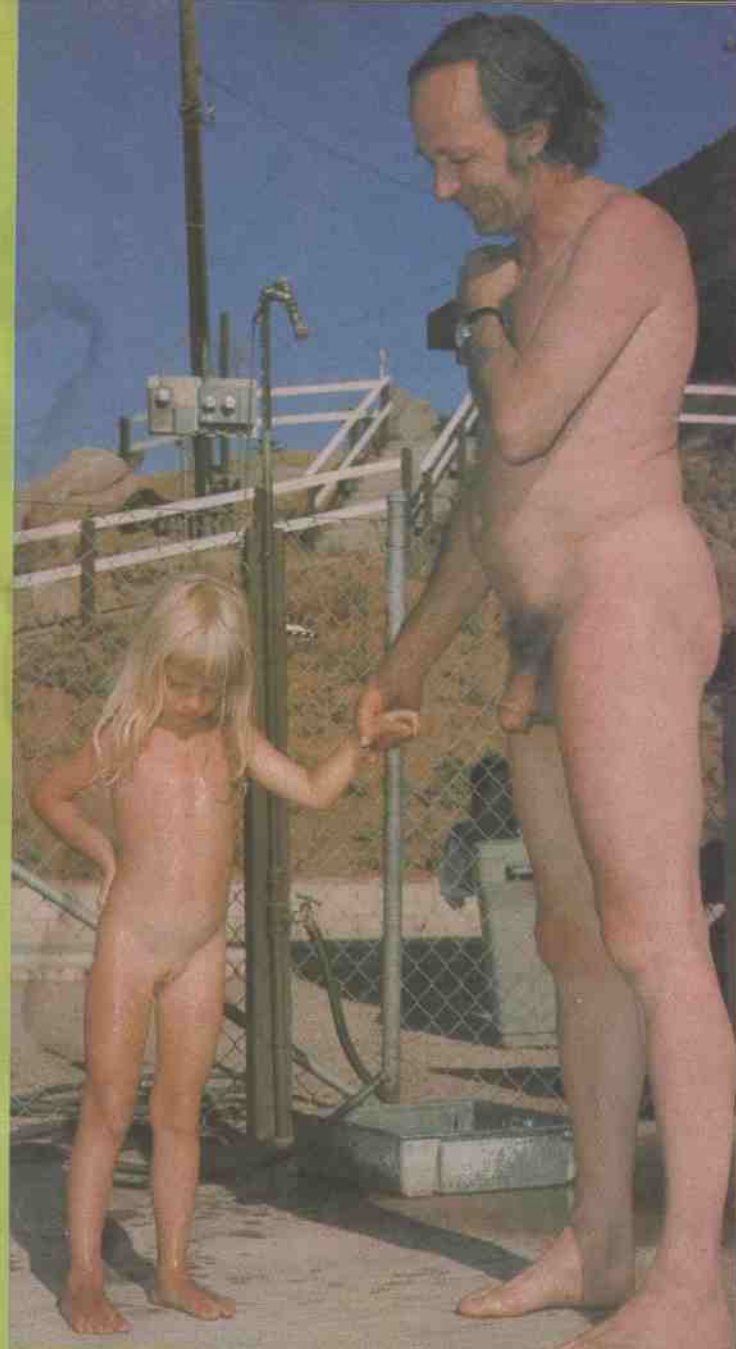


swim.

You see I don't like the diving board. Daddy just put me there for the photo. And if he hadn't got hold of me I would have jumped off. Of course Jacky loves the board. I say one day he will have an accident. Of course I wouldn't want him to have a big accident. Just a little one to teach

him not to be so rough.

What do I like best about the club? Well, I think I like splashing. They have this pool for the kids. Away from the big swimming pool. And it's just for children. I like that. But even so I think they should have one pool for the boys and one for the girls. You can splash as much as you



like. It's great fun. And of course, you have no clothes to get wet have you?

I would like to go to a sun club beside the sea. I think the sea would be much nicer. Are there any sun clubs on a beach? There are? Oh, well when I'm grown up I think I'll buy one of those. That would be exciting. And you wouldn't have any diving boards then would you?

One of these days I'm going to be grown up and then Jacky won't be able to push me around. No one in the whole wide world will push me around then. I think I'll be famous too. I think I'll be an engineer or fly a big aeroplane. What did you say—nursing? No, I think I'd rather be a film star. You know, I think I could be a film star. People at the club are always taking my picture. They say I'm as pretty as anything. So then I could be a star couldn't I?

And when I've made lots and lots of money then I think I'll buy my own nudist place. Then I'll be able to invite all my friends to come along and splash with me. I'll have a great big splashing pool. It will be so big it will cover half the club. Then I'll just have a small swimming pool without any diving board.

And I won't have Jacky. Well maybe, but only if he's real good and stops punching me.

Yes, I like going to the club because when you are naked you can't get your clothes dirty, can you? And everyone at the club loves me. They say I'm the prettiest girl they have ever seen. And that makes me so happy. All the other girls like me. They all want to play with me. I'm the most popular girl in the club. What did you say? I'm a what? A conceited brat? What does that mean?

Groups

FIRST Effect would have been better were these three a lot closer . . .

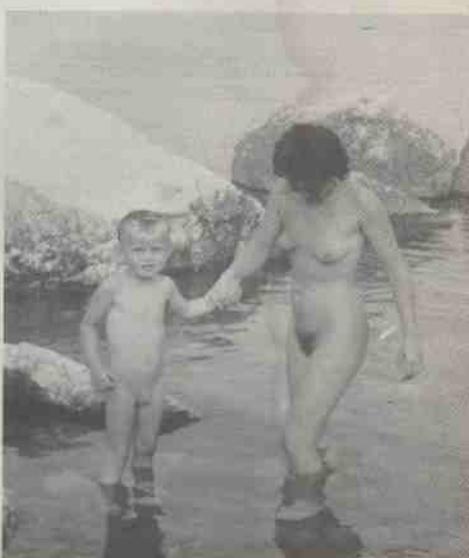
SECOND . . . like this for instance. See how the centre of interest holds the picture together.

THIRD Of course you are not wearing socks. But wise to keep your shoes on on the rocky coast of Yugoslavia.



NOW FOR THESE PRIZES

Dipping into our readers' contest picture file we came up with the following winners. Keep your pictures flowing in. Remember there is good money to be won for your snapshots.



WINNER in the women's class delights us with her simple, natural pose. Notice especially how honestly she rests her legs. Clamping the knees tightly together is no longer necessary, and it is totally out of place in a nudist picture, where total body honesty is our basic principle.

You see what I mean in the photo placed second—the girl with arms akimbo. While I approve of the weight being transferred to one leg so that the other makes a graceful line, I always worry a little about the position of the knee. It suggests concealment, and hence guilt.

Third was a good try, but surely a more comfortable rest would have led to a more contented expression?

Now the men. First and second places go to the same photographer this time. Shows what money you can earn if you enter this class. I put the chess player ahead of the fellow on the blanket because of the implied action. First, on tiptoes is way ahead of the competition.

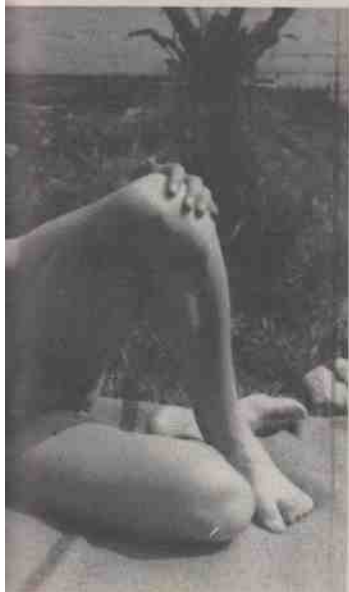
Our most difficult class is the group. First place goes to the picture of the threesome, mainly for its clarity and contrast. Placed second is a shot of youngsters playing at what looks like Korvasada. With any group it's a great help to get a centre of interest. Here the ball provides the very thing, giving unity to the group and a centre of action. Interestingly enough third goes to Martha and her son again in Yugoslavia.

Special class first is a superb shot of Jay. Could she turn around for second prize?

That must be all for this month—space is limited.

Special Class

SPECIAL CLASS A beautiful classic study. The beach ball emphasising the roundness of the buttocks.



up our family. I've told her I plan to go to Eureka again next year though, in spite of her threats.'

Oh dear, all this trouble. Now we see why some sun clubs are reluctant to accept married men without their wives. Eureka, however, are seriously trying to break away from the regulations that dog the more conservative clubs.

I take it that your wife is middle-aged, as your family is grown up. My experience, from what other readers tell me, is that middle-aged wives have the capacity for never relenting. I suggest that you don't tell your wife what you're up to; learn to live a double life. It's hardly worth the bother otherwise.

Single men also have their complaints:

'I am in the unenviable position of being single, male and 28 years old. Why should this be unenviable? Female friends do not appreciate that I am not a sex fiend or a crank—even nudists ostracise fellow nudists if they happen to be single. Fortunately people like Mark Wilson of Eureka exist and make life easier for eligible bachelors like me. MY family do not appreciate naturism and hold strong religious beliefs that would



FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

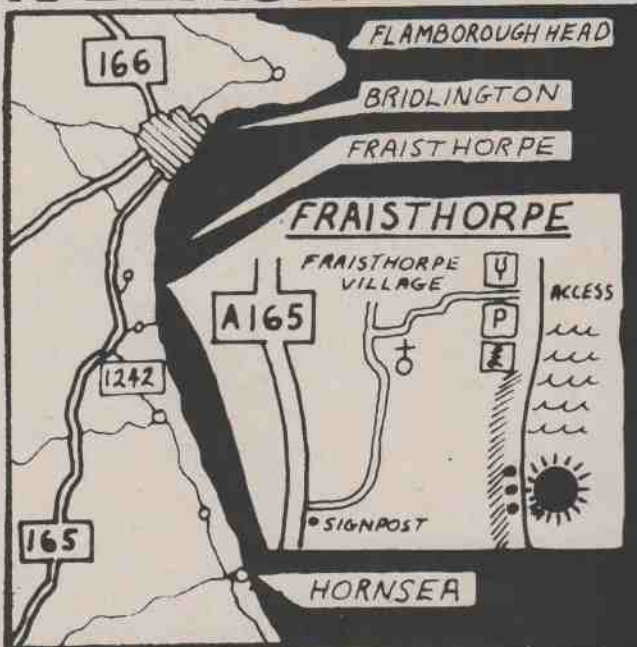
FRAISTHORPE, Yorkshire

Access: Two miles south of Bridlington, on A165, look for sign on left 'Fraisthorpe 1m, Picnic Area 2¼m.' Follow tarmac lane to village, go R. alongside church and 1¼m. to Parking and beach access. Most people stay near cars. Walk right (south) along beach, or track on top of sea wall, to find secluded part. Midway between Fraisthorpe and Barmston is customary. Windshields are advisable for more reasons than one, though the occasional beach walkers do not seem concerned.

Assessment: The embankment affords sunbathing shelter from the wind. The sand is clean, with delightful little pools around bases of old concrete anti-invasion defences. Good swimming. Ideal for children.

Bridlington's choice of Fraisthorpe brings to eight the Free Sun Beaches designated by local or county councils during 1979.

Costumes-Optional bathing is still under discussion for the Lincolnshire coast and Victoria Sun Beach Club may yet be given



official encouragement.

Nine, possibly even ten, new FSBs in one year would be an advance of great significance.

The quality of a designated beach is becoming important. In 1978 the official tolerance of nude bathing at Fairlight Glen brought fame to Hastings. Now a growing number of visitors from abroad dismiss it as 'a load of rubbish' not worth another long

trail to find. Thankfully 1979 has seen real beaches available on coastline easier to reach.

Hastings can still regain the prestige now lost, if they make the effort to provide steps by Fairlight Coastguard. Here the beach is less rock-strewn—the danger minimal. Access would be easy from Fairlight car park.

PHIL VALLACK

Free Sun

definitely frowned upon males and females taking off their clothes in company.'

The best way to get a lady friend interested in naturism is to take her to a beach first. Beaches are public places and a shy lady is reassured when she knows she is not going to be forced out of her clothes. And because the beach is public, you cannot take advantage of her nudity—or yours—to try to seduce her. Even if she's still reluctant, you can compromise on a beach—I know other couples who go to the beach together but one undresses while the other doesn't!

NEW FEATURE

From next month we are introducing a new feature. It will be devoted to free beaches all over Europe. We see this facility as increasing throughout the 1980s. We believe that nothing but good can come from the extensive development of free beaches throughout the world. In spite of what many say, we think that clubs will benefit rather than suffer. For as more and more people experience the benefits of nudity at the seaside, they will be more inclined to join a club when they return home. We have chosen none other than Phil Vallack to master mind this new part of the magazine. Phil is a world authority on the subject. His 'Free Sun' listing and detailing free beaches sold out within months of publication.

relaxation - would you not agree?"

I'm afraid not. I always thought the relaxation bit came afterwards.

The male penis has been pictured in *Health and Efficiency* for more years than I care to remember. I have never seen an erection in a naturist setting - what happens in the privacy of your own home is your own business. Erect female nipples are not a sign of sexual arousal, merely that a cold wind is blowing! For a professed naturist, your letter surprised me - where have you been lately? Not reading *H. and E.*!

Now a reader rather bored with discussions on penis size, so he's shifting the conversation slightly;

"Men like myself believe that we possess the largest equipment and love to be

flattered about it. We are too obsessed with it and there is too much interest in it. Surprisingly, there is little mention of men's testicles. After all, there is more to a man than just his penis. The size, shape and beauty of a man's balls are just as significant. I am amazed to see the great variety displayed in H. and E. It's this variety that makes the human body so interesting. Wouldn't you agree Susan, that a man's balls are just as beautiful as his penis?"

I hate these discussions about bits of the body being defined by words like beautiful and ugly. Of course there is more to a man than just his penis. There's his arrogance, his intellect and his personality - and his evil delight in trying to draw forth sexy discussions from female journalists like me!

PERSONAL VIEW

Have you ever thought of starting a naturist club? Been put off by the cost of land? Or the cost of developing and fencing it? Bill Holesworth faced this prospect when suddenly he had an idea. The sun was free and so were the nearby beaches. Why not start his own beach club? At first it was a struggle, then we gave him a mention in our columns. Suddenly the club took off, the letters poured in, the telephone never stopped ringing. But hear about it in Bill's own words.

It was hot and sunny as we were driving along the narrow roads of Lincolnshire. My wife and two daughters were in the car with me. The girls were fed up and very uncomfortable with the heat. Where could we go to get out of the heat of the car was the question that kept popping up from all the family. I knew where to go, my job as a roundsman gave me the local knowledge that we were about ½ mile away from a nudist camp. Dare I ask the family to go to this club and ask if we could join? It was so hot I had to ask the question. It was now or never. I said how nice it would be to sunbathe nude. The answers I got surprised even me. To my amazement they all said yes, let's go and have a look at them.

We drew up to the gate. Who would press the bell. We were all nervous. What dark secrets lay ahead, what would we be expected to do? Would I get an erection. Would my lovely wife chicken out at the last minute? Would the two girls refuse to go behind these

hedges and gates? To hell with it I thought, it's now or never. My heart started racing as my finger touched the bell button. I had done it now, there was no turning back. I felt like creeping into the nearest hole. We waited but no one answered the bell. Should we leave while the going was good I asked the family. Too late for an answer, someone was coming. It was a tall, slim girl walking towards the gate. My stomach turned over, my hands began to sweat. It was dripping off my brow. Was it the heat or was it the thought of what lay ahead. Too late to do anything now, the girl was asking me what we wanted. I remember stammering that we would like to join to club and how did we go about it. Without asking me anything the young lady invited us in. We stepped over the invisible line, we were in the club.

The young lady locked the door behind us. We had taken the first step, what was at the end of the little tree lined lane in front of us? The young lady introduced herself as Joan. She



FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

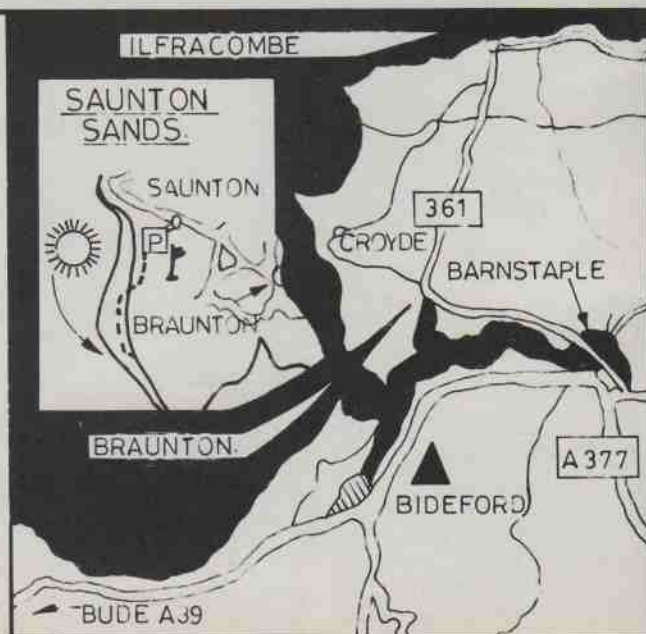
SAUNTON SANDS

Trevor Mellveen of Oxford joins many others in praising Saunton Sands, the North Devon beach selected for this month. He writes: 'Drive through Barnstaple and Braunton until you reach Saunton. In Saunton look out for marked road to Braunton Burrows. Take this and park in car park. Walk through large open gates for about 5 minutes. On your right is single track road over sand dunes. A steady walk of ¾ hour brings you to the beach. Turn left (south) and walk for ½ hour. The beach is long and wide with fine sand. Swimming, however, can be unsafe at times!'

Because of the distance he advises taking food and drink

and also points out that although a public beach it is on a firing range so keep a watch out for red flags. Textiles use the beach as well, but the southern end is accepted (unofficially) as naturist. Others have also said how much they like this coastline. A vast expanse of dunes south of the Saunton Sands Hotel, bounded only by the Golf Course. Do take care bathing, however, particularly if you choose the area by the river mouth.

Another Free Sun Beach a few miles further north, very well spoken of, is Wild Pear Bay reached by footpath from Combe Martin.





Happy gathering on the sun lawns down under.

were found bludgeoned to death on a deserted beach about 80 Km. south of Brisbane.

These murders are still unsolved, as are the three-year-old killings of a couple of young women on Shangri-La. This was then a nude beach, about 60 Km. north of Brisbane, but like many other similar beaches in Australia has been purged in a recent cover-up by the prudes.

But, although these murders were a talking point at the Bangalore Convention, they did not dampen the high spirits.

The daytime competitions became keener. The evening get-togethers grew more enthusiastic. And the multi-coloured mini-roadtrain was even more crowded with happy, squawking kids touring the mammoth site.

THE NEW ZEALAND RALLY

What do several hundred New Zealand nudists do when it rains and blows? In true British tradition they grin and 'bare' (?) it, although in this case the smiles were wearing a little thin at times and anything bared was in acute danger of assuming the colour of wood!

New Zealand's a small country

about the size of Great Britain, but with a well-established nudist organisation encompassing some thirty clubs. One of the traditions of this organisation, dating back to the early fifties, and now possibly unique in the nudist world, is the annual National Rally, held over the New Year holiday period at the grounds of one of the member clubs. These Rallies, too, have a traditional format, with the day prior to the opening given over to the A.G.M. of the parent organisation, attended by the National Executive and representatives from all the clubs. The five days of the rally itself are devoted to a mixture of sports and social activities, the players competing for some twenty-six trophies in various sports and recreational games, and everyone enjoying evening entertainment that includes dances, a concert and film shows.

The Wellington Sun Club, home of the capital city's nudists and one of the major clubs in the country, offered to host this particular Rally, as it had done three years previously. On that occasion the weather was pretty atrocious and the event came to be known, wryly, as the 'Mark



You too can cross the bridge to the healthy naturist life.

prizes, but perhaps just a little fame.

Not so happy was an ex-beauty queen. She wrote a letter to a London paper saying she found the nudes on the beach 'grotesque.' Another reader, Diane Philips, answered stingingly: 'I can't understand why (she) considers herself more suited to the 'decent' beach at Brighton, having partaken in the indecent practice of beauty contests.'

Turn now to Bridlington beach. For our Continental readers I should explain that Bridlington is on the north-east coast of England about halfway between Scarborough and the city of Hull. It is one of the nine official nudist beaches. It is proving a holiday hit. Never have they had it so good. The takings are at least double what they were before the beach became officially nudist. The local director of tourism is reported as saying that 90 per cent of the enquiries at the information office came from people seeking to go nude on the beach. Even before summer, in bleak April when they never open the car park, 20,000 cars poured in and officials hurriedly threw open the gates. Never have they seen any-

thing like it.

By way of correction we must report the following. Many of our detractors say that nude beaches in Britain are a 'bit of a joke' because the weather is not good enough. They instance Brighton more often than not. What are the facts? Brighton gets around 1,750 hours of sunshine a year. That is around five hours every day—including the winter days. Most of the sunshine is during the summer months, so we can say Brighton beaches can expect more than five hours a day average during the summer months. An expert on the subject says that about 140 days a year are suitable for nude sunbathing. Another keen sunbather points out that if you can find a sheltered part of the beach it is possible to get a sun tan even when the air temperature is low.

Brighton nude beach has had its share of publicity in past months and I'm reluctant to say much more. But I must remark on the silly antics of one sunbather. *The Daily Star* of London reported that one 26-year-old girl objected to a photographer. She said 'I don't mind people watching me on the beach but I object to ending up on a



One lucky naturist who has found a certain solitude.



The naturist demand for more and more places to go nude has meant boom times for places like this resort at Agde. More must be provided or the public beaches will have to accept nudity.

Conservative Ireland is feeling the first breezes of a nudist whirlwind.



early in the season—in May to be precise. Without the Natourist, Yugoslavia would have a balance of payments problem. Without the Natourist, many parts of the south of France would be denuded (if that's the word) of all tourists. Without the Natourist, many countries—Italy and Ireland among them, are wondering how to attract more tourists.

The only thing holding back some countries is the fixed notion that nudity and sex go together. Why this should make them against nudism is hard to see. In truth it is impossible for me to see. But then I've always mistakenly, it seems, regarded sex as rather enjoyable. In truth, one of the finer things of life. But if we are to believe one of the world experts on the subject, then those who associate sex and nudism will just have to think again.

My expert is Desmond Morris of 'The Naked Ape' fame. All the same, I wonder how expert on this subject he is. But let us get to the point. Here is what he says: 'The behaviour of people who have removed their clothes in a nudist setting is almost exaggeratedly sexless. They tend to go on about purity and health and cleanliness so much that they are obviously, though I'm sure not consciously, fighting off the

effect of the sexual display involved.'

This makes me wonder whether Desmond Morris has himself taken off his clothes and joined the nudists. I think not. More likely he is repeating what he has read in some of the more naive and outdated nudist publications. There was a time when nudists went around preaching how pure it all was. They had to, if only to counter the popular idea that they were all sex maniacs. But now that nudist beaches are open for all to see and even enjoy, the truth is out.

Naturists are no more nor less sexy than the next person. Nor do we coyly avert our eyes when an attractive member of the opposite sex passes by. But let me give you some more Desmond Morris: 'On an ordinary beach, for example, you get boys and girls eyeing each other, but on a nude beach you get none of that, which makes them curiously puritanical, rather boring places to be.'

Desmond, I'm sure we haven't been to the same nudist beaches. Lives there a nudist youth so devoid of humanity that he has never eyed a girl (or she a boy) with ideas earthy? I think not. Thank God.



Some blue-eyed Irish he-men wanted.

MISS NUDE GALAXY



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AT HOME IN FRANCE

PERSONAL VIEW

We in Britain have a rosy picture of naturism in France. All those super naturist holiday centres; all those free beaches; all those liberal ideas . . . but to a Frenchman it's not always like that. Certainly prejudice exists. Here Patrice Duguay, of Caen, presents his own view of naturism in France.

I SHOULD begin by saying that I myself am a naturist — a garden naturist. That is to say that my other half and I go nude on our balcony and sometimes visit a 'free beach' which is the only one of its kind in the area and there are not very many people who practice naturism because everyone waits for someone else to make the first move!

Furthermore, there is no official authorisation, simply tolerance. I begin with this point.

Is it not incredible that in an area like the Calvados, where there are so many holiday homes and beaches, there is no fully authorised free beach? We find that in the area where we go we always receive disapproving glances from the people there who are very much against public nudity. You have probably heard of this place called 'Les Vaches Noires', (The Black Cows).

How long must we wait for a mini AGDE or PORT NATURE in our area? The clubs are really very mediocre and it isn't worth subscribing. Why should naturists have to camp on sites where they are considered outsiders?

I love naturism and everything that is beautiful and natural. We



are not strange creatures or aliens. People think nothing of one-piece bikinis, so why stop there? People's reactions are sometimes ridiculous; it is far more titillating to see a woman scantily dressed or rather undressed, in suggestive bits than to see her in her natural state just as she was created! Perhaps we can hope to see Cabourg or Deauville turning towards naturism in the near future! . . .

I return to the subject of naturism indoors as this is an important part of total nudity. With the exception of three or four months of the year, naturists practice their naturism at home. It can be everywhere. The housework, washing-up, all leisure activities can be done in the nude. I believe that all the run-of-the-mill chores should be done in this state as this creates a marvellous feeling of well-being

and fulfils any couple's relationship.

I am lucky in that I have very tolerant neighbours who don't mind us wandering around the balcony naked and in fact quite a few people in our area are home naturists. Nevertheless, we are not even totally free in this respect, as friends of ours have had complaints lodged against them simply for walking in front of their windows with no clothes on!

Society and all its taboos destroys beauty even in its purest forms. On this subject of beauty, I would like to take up the comments of one of H & E's readers on the subject of pregnant ladies. It is certainly true that there is nothing more beautiful than a lady in this state and I hope that H & E will publish photos along these lines as often as possible. I would say to lady naturists that you should not feel obliged to hide yourselves when you are pregnant. Perhaps we shall see a pregnant lady winning a prize in your photo contest one day? You may be sure I shall send you photos of my other half when she is pregnant.

To finish this article I would like to go back to the question of shaving pubic hair. Why is it considered normal (and the models in H & E prove this) to shave the armpits and not the rest?

It should be all or nothing! We are provided with hair because it is useful but if we decide to shave it we should do so everywhere. If my wife shaves under her arms she shaves her pubic hair as well, otherwise she remains 'au naturelle' which is equally attractive.

Don't forget either that the question of masculine depilation should also be considered as this certainly exists. Whether for or against this, it should be discussed and I count on H & E to do so just as I hope you will publish some articles on naturism at home with photos, as the movement is going on there as much as anywhere else!





The warm sandy beach at Costa Natura.

one. Buses run regularly along the south coast, and taxis don't cost the earth.

Those that wish to explore further can take excursions to Gibraltar, Granada, Seville and other interesting places. Hop over to Tangiers for the day, or hire a helicopter (and pilot if you wish) and get an aerial view of the local beautiful countryside.

Modern

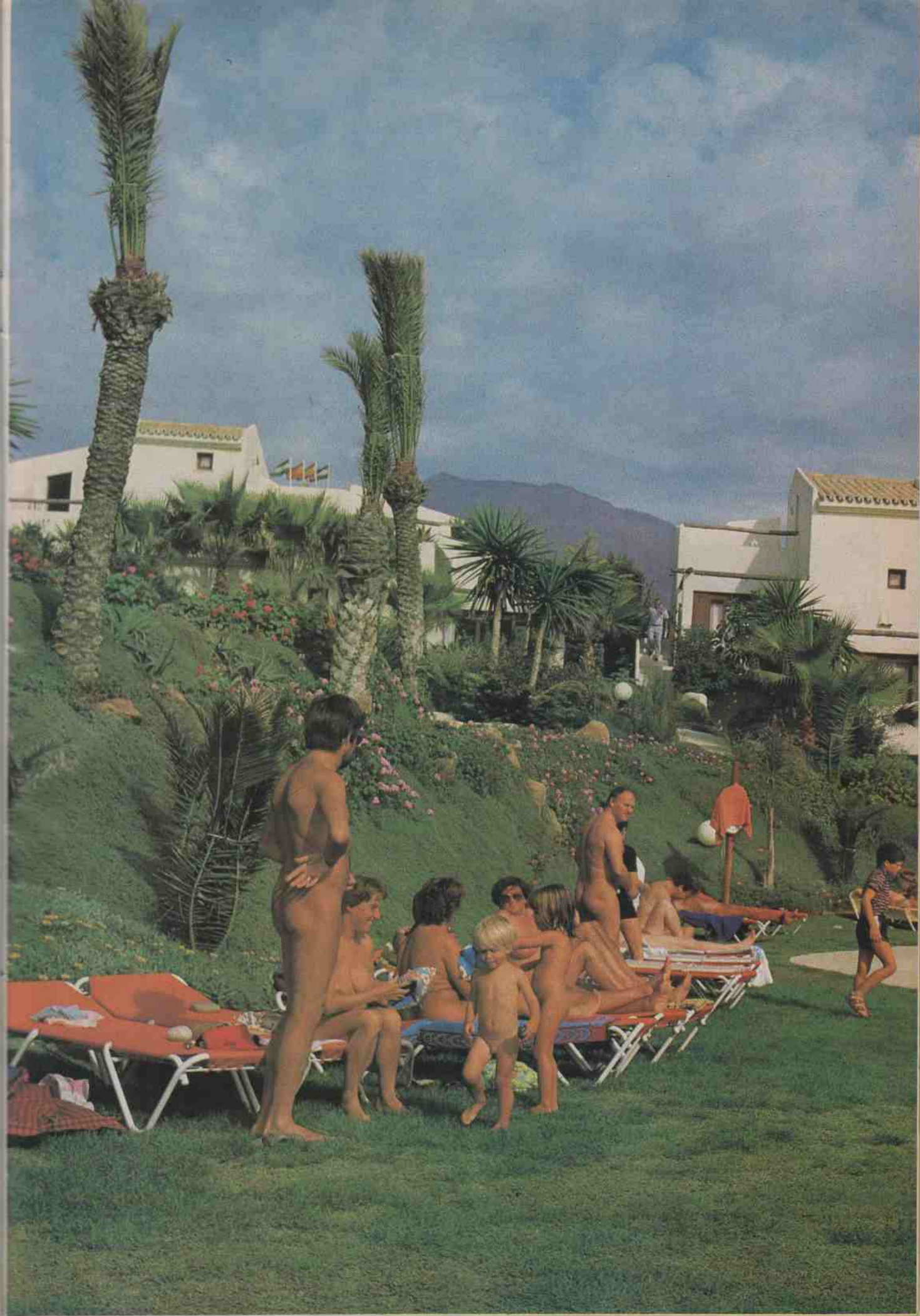
Some visitors hire cars for their holiday, but I'm assured they don't make enough use of them. The lure of this modern naturist complex is very strong, and most spend their days there.

I think this is because of the friendliness of the people — and also the standard of service. The management run the resort on hotel lines — this means a great attention to detail and comfort. Maid service, laundry service, whatever service you want — it's all here — and they're keen to cater to requests. They like naturists. The management have had vast experience in the hotel business, but they remarked upon how courteous and pleasant naturist clients are.

Costa Natura is almost three years old and is functioning as a small, friendly resort. Within the next few years it will have expanded, to include further facilities such as hairdressers, gift shops, cinema, sauna, further swimming pools — even an ecumenical church! Yet they



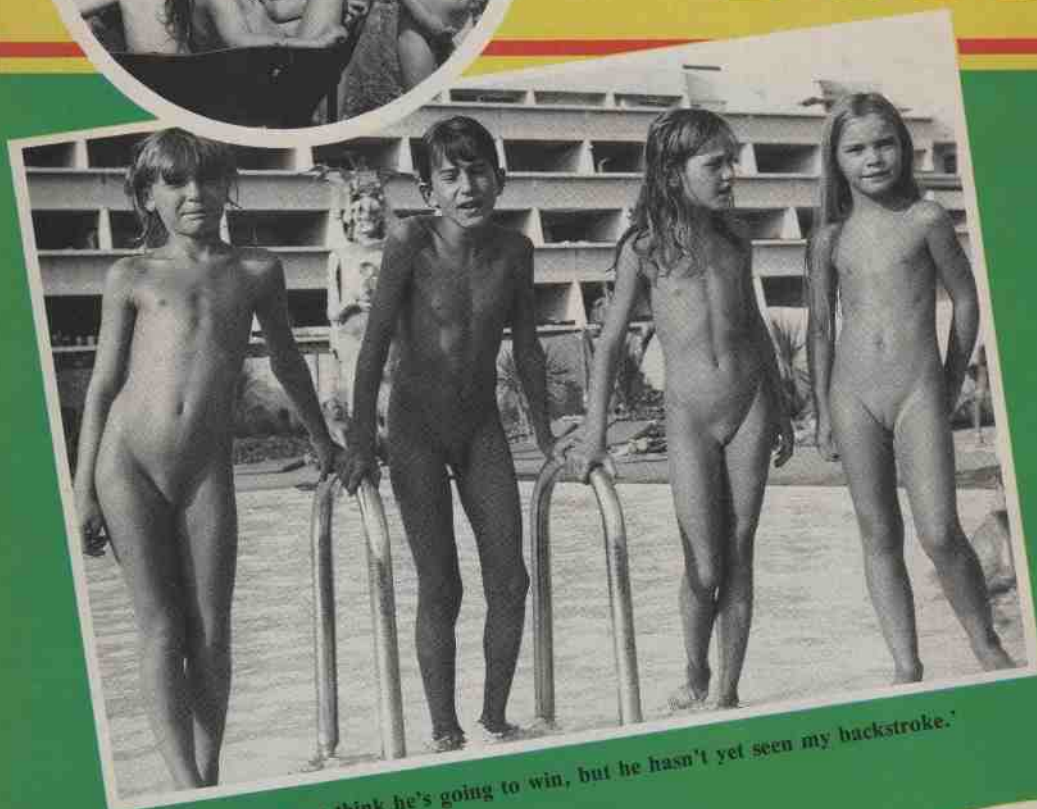
Relax outside your own apartment.





Family Fotos

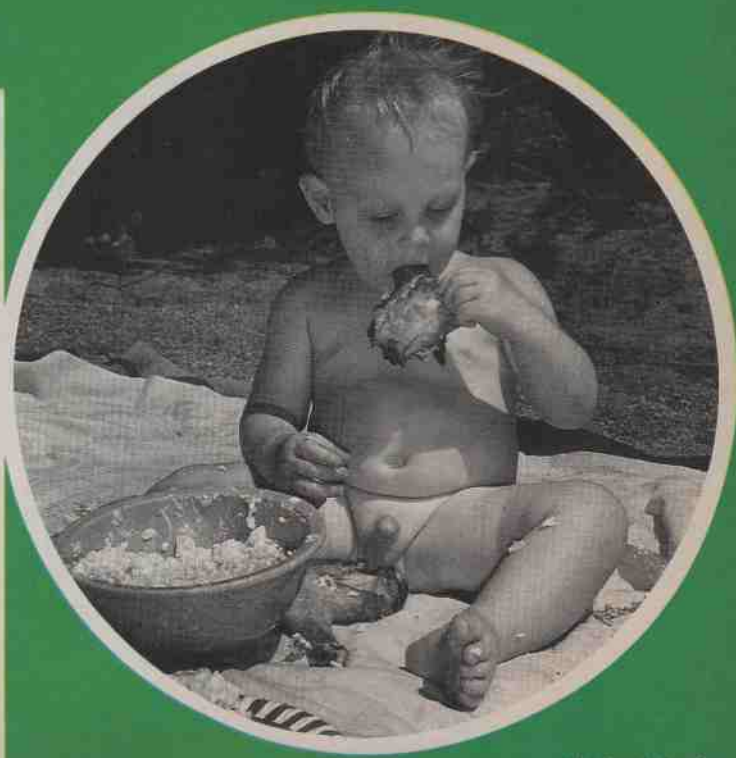
**Family
Magic
on
Holiday**



'He may think he's going to win, but he hasn't yet seen my backstroke.'



'You may think I'm acting nervously, but sharks can get you in depths of three feet.'

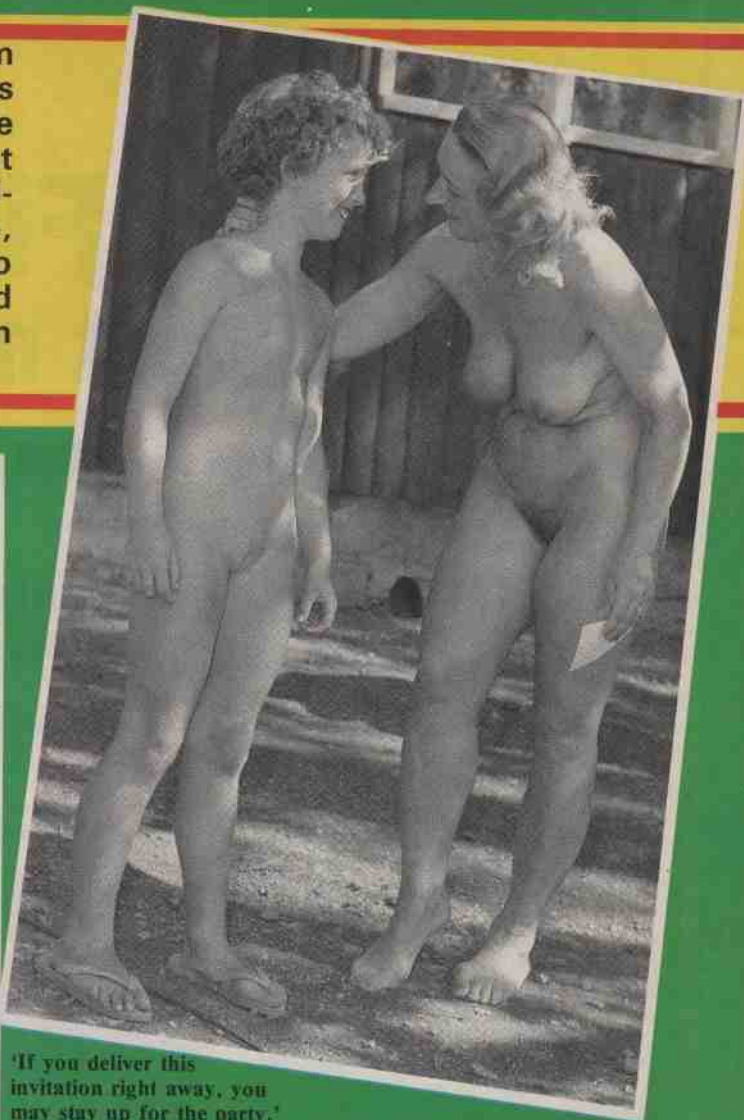


'At least they're beginning to cater for my gourmet tastes.'

'More family photos!' comes the cry from our readers. So we are trying to include as many of these as possible. But at this rate we'll soon be running out, so how about sending us some of yours? In black-and-white, please. Send as many as you like, in stamped addressed envelopes to Family Fotos, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1. Published prints win £5 each



'OK, I don't mind smiling for you just once more, even though I just want to dive in.'



'If you deliver this invitation right away, you may stay up for the party.'



'When you attend these model sessions, you must learn to smile and stop wriggling.'



Members spread the word on a local beach.

Invicta provides the best of both worlds. You can, if you wish, join the rest of the community in the pool or on the sun lawns in front of the pavilion. Or, if you want to get away from the crowd this is perfectly easy.

The club grounds are small—as befits this friendly, cosy, members' club. All told there are only four acres or roughly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectares. In all there are about 30 chalets and caravans on the site. However, these belong to the members and are not for hire.

Around 300 people are fortunate enough to call themselves members, but fortunately,

they don't all turn up at the same time. Should they do so the facilities would be severely taxed.

The club finds from experience that it can usually provide room for two touring caravans at any one time. With luck they can let visitors use about five camping sites. However, this year there is better news. Because of the limited space available in the past the club has now converted one of their pavilions so that it now has an additional three cabins for letting.

These have sinks and cooking facilities. If like me you are getting a bit tired of the

chore of putting up ever more difficult frame tents, this is a very welcome development. The cabins provide what might be called 'camping' accommodation, but without the hard work. Nothing is more likely to fray the temper, I find, than struggling with an obstructive tent after a hard day's journey. Cabins are great—you just move in.

In the main pavilion you can get light snacks but there is no full meals service. And even there the light refreshments are only available when the club is in full action—which is mainly at the week-ends.

Also you should note that

the club does not provide self-catering facilities except in the cabins we have just mentioned. And, since the club is some distance from the nearest stores, you would be well advised to bring at least a day or two's food with you.

Remember especially that you just can't drive into this club. There is no full time resident caretaker. If you intend to visit Invicta to stay you must write beforehand to:

The Secretary,
The Firs,
Sutton-by-Dover,
Kent,
United Kingdom.

How much will it cost you to stay at Invicta? Here are the 1980 fees. You should allow for inflation if you are thinking of a holiday in the summer of 1981.

If you just want to go there for a day visit the charge will be £1. If you are a visitor staying there overnight, the charge is £2 per night up to 14 nights. If you bring a tent and your car the cost of camping is £1.50 per day for the whole family. If you have to erect a second tent because your family is so large, then you only pay an extra 50 pence per day. And this includes your car. If you have no car and only a very small tent they will charge you



Seeing the film later, one would never imagine the traumas that went into its making.

point—I don't quite know how it happened—but I walked out one day clutching a return ticket to Cap D'Agde (the largest naturist resort in France) and a bottle of sun tan oil. I guess I just lost grip of my senses—it all seemed so unreal!

Before filming in France, Adam Clapham wanted to see how naturists enjoyed themselves. Henry volunteered to take Adam to a club so he could see naturism at its best. They both arrived at noon on Sunday—the coldest, wettest Sunday of that summer!

After a short walk around the grounds, Henry collapsed at Adam's feet. He was suffering from a stone in the kidney and had to be carried away to his caravan—leaving Adam to make what he could of the place. It was virtually deserted except for a few hardy visitors, peering bleakly out from their anoraks and overcoats. I'm sure this was not the glamorous image of sun and fitness which we associate with naturism. After his recovery, Henry suggested that Adam and the film crew should do some photography at the Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club. This seemed most promising! Blue skies accompanied the merry crew to Bournemouth. The

photographic equipment was set up. The outlook was sunny and naturists were doing what they like doing best, swimming, playing sports or generally making the most of their leisure time. Then suddenly, naturism's most formidable enemy, the weather, played a nasty trick. The heavens opened yet again. Within minutes, the only person left to photograph was a naked man testing the water with his big toe, while clutching an umbrella in his right hand.

Ignoring the weather's warnings and with the thought that the South of France would prove a much simpler expedition, the B.B.C. sent a researcher to Cap D'Agde to pave the way. Very soon after her arrival, she received ominous reports of threats from local residents.

Because they were naturists of the old school they objected to photographs. An attack was likely to be staged on the film crew. Their cameras and films would be smashed if they dared to venture onto the beach. Adam asked Henry for advice—he could not risk exposing his technical crew to these threats.

Henry offered to sort things out. He enlisted the help of Alice, another secretary at the office who spoke fluent Catalan French and they took off the



The film crew at an English sun-club.

next Friday for France. They spent that week-end seeing all the local V.I.P.'s of Cap D'Agde—the Mayor, the Police Chief, the Fire Chief, the Capitain des Gendarmes, the County Council. All offered their support and promised to accompany the film crew on their rounds. We had visions of a parade of 60 officials forming crocodiles behind the film crew! Even the Mayor of Agde wished to open the B.B.C. film by diving nude into the swimming pool adorned only by his golden chain of office! Imagine the look of horror on Adam's face as Henry reported this to him over the telephone!

'No way!' was his firm response. Adam had other ideas!

It was agreed that I would be interviewed and filmed on the plane to France, fully clothed, of course. Did we think everything would be smooth running from now on? Well, sometimes one is a little over-optimistic!

Firstly, Dan Air, although most happy to accept naturists as passengers raised certain objections to having their name publicly associated with this unconventional type of activity! This explains why the film eventually showed a clip of a Trident taking off from Heathrow whereas I was filmed inside a Dan Air 1-11 departing from Gatwick!

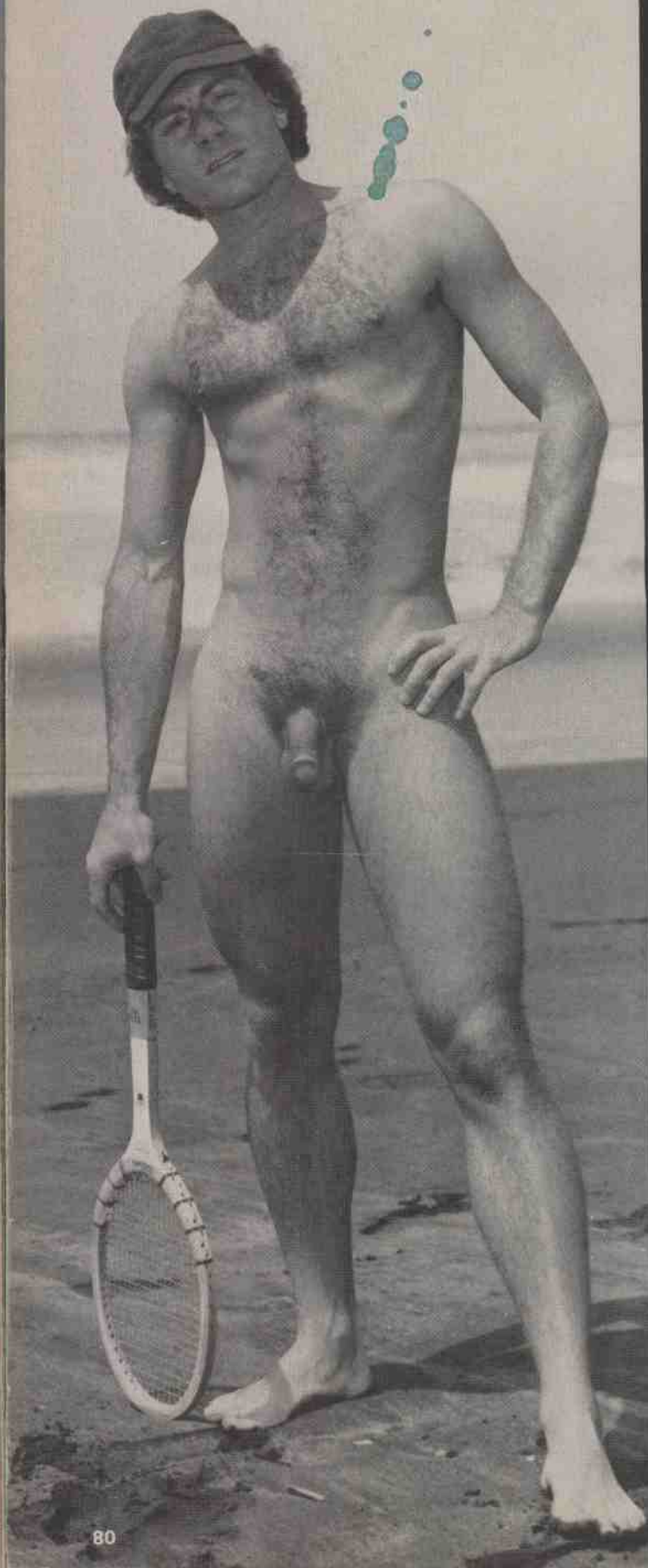
I thought at one stage, though, that I wasn't going to take off at all—in any sense of the word. On the day of departure, I arrived at Gatwick with Alice who was to accompany me on this adventure. Detailed discussions had already taken place about seating arrangements on the plane, accommodating the film crew, briefing the stewardesses, and so on.

But naturally this great day fell bang in the middle of the French air controllers' strike. Due to leave at 10 a.m. we finally set off at 5 p.m., tired, over-anxious and on the wrong plane with an air crew ignorant of our intentions. Imagine the surprise of all on board as the B.B.C. entourage complete with cameras, tripods, lighting, sound equipment and clapperboards, tramped aboard the aircraft.

As it was, the only space available was mid-way back by the emergency exit. The



Enterprising business ladies set out their wares at Agde.



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Every day we get holiday and travel inquiries in our post. We're flattered that you think us the experts and in truth, we have amassed a complete file of travel information in order to answer your questions as accurately as possible. We like to give you the most practical and impartial information.

So if we can advise you on your holiday or travel arrangements, then drop us a line. Make it easier for our typist by including an envelope addressed to yourself! Write to 'Sunway', Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.



where to find the pretty girls?

operators who advertise on our pages nearly all take single men. You might have to pay extra if you are not allowed to share, but this applies to the holiday trade generally.

May we recommend that you go to Agde with Emsdale Travel? They will put you in an apartment with other chaps. Their address is; 91/93 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex IG1 4PG, tel; 01-514 0005.

They welcome newcomers and also offer a bargain weekend at Agde for those who want a trial run first!

INF cards

'I would be most grateful if you could tell me how to obtain an INF card. I ask because I will be travelling through

France later this year and a number of sites I have considered stopping at require this card. But you never tell anyone how to get hold of one!'

Whoops - sorry!

'INF card' is really a blanket term meaning a membership card of the national naturist organisation of the country to which you belong. English readers must send £5 to the Central Council for British Naturism; they will be made 'Supporter members' and receive a membership card and regular news of British naturism. French naturists must write to the Fédération Française de Naturisme. Both addresses are on our Club Directory page.

Scotland

'My wife and I enjoy swimming on naturist beaches. We prefer this to clubs with all the rules and regulations, which I understand they have.

I have your map which you produced in Health and Efficiency some time ago. You listed a beach on Loch Lomond, Scotland, but I was unable to discover where it was. I was caravanning at the time, and neither the warden of the camp-site, nor the Forestry warden knew where it was either.

I would like a good guide to free beaches, and for this reason was considering purchasing a copy of Phil Vallack's guide. However, before I spend £5, tell me; does the book list official or unofficial beaches? Does it give detailed directions of how to get to all the locations?'

Yes. It lists ALL beaches where naturists sunbathe in Europe. Most of them have full instructions to reach them. We recommend the book - obtain it from Phil Vallack, 'Free Sun', 37 West End, March, Cambridgeshire.

The location at Loch Lomond is a naturist club, not a free beach. It's called the Scot-

tish Outdoor Club and is situated on an island in the Loch. Write, enclosing stamps, to Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree', Inchmurrin Island, Bal-maha, Glasgow G63 0JY.

American Holidays

'I would like to ask you for some information on naturist holidays in the USA. With the reduction of air-fares to that area, we were thinking of going this year. But there appear to be no pre-organised holidays of this form available from England, at least I have not seen any.'

You haven't been reading us hard enough! Both of the following tour operators advertise with us.

Eden Holidays, of 108 Kilburn Square, London NW6 (tel 01-328 8501) do holidays to Cypress Cove, Florida, Jamaica and Hawaii.

Weston Holidays, of 155 Upper Richmond Road, Lon-

don SW15 (tel 01-788 4372) offer fly/drive holidays to Florida; you drive a luxurious motor-home and visit a choice of naturist sites.

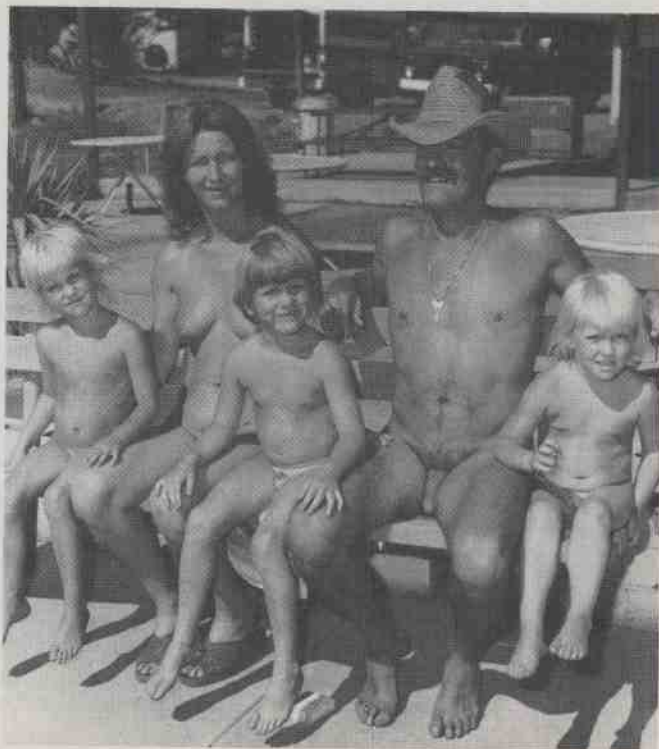
Nearby Beaches

'For a number of years mutual friends and ourselves have enjoyed holidays in Yugoslavia, taking advantage of ordinary hotel accommodation with the facilities of naturist beaches a short distance away.

However, we would now like to holiday in other areas such as France, Spain, Italy, Corsica etc, where we can perhaps enjoy similar facilities. Can you suggest a venue please?'

Yes. Stick to the tried and tested and come with us to Yugoslavia!

France is the only country that can match Yugoslavia for beaches. For hotel details, ring Freeway Holidays on 0533 22591.



'Dear Sunway, Can you tell us somewhere we can get away from the kids for just half an hour?'



Austria has plenty of good naturist facilities – they just like to keep quiet about them.

in tourist accommodation.

They are definitely not geared to taking holiday visitors. Obviously they are there for the use of their members only. We did wander into one of them but found little to report. They have the basic accommodation that most private clubs build. Beyond that nothing for the tourist.

This is a point that is sometimes missed by a casual reading of some naturist guides. For instance the INF guide is certainly one of the best if not the very best in the world. But it lists all the clubs and resorts affiliated to the international naturist federation. You have to read it carefully. Not all of them by any means welcome visitors. The clue is to look at how many 'visitor' places they contain.

A place like Dobein for instance listing 800 camping places undifferentiated between members and visitors is obviously a tourist resort. Another nearby entry indicated a naturist area with the camping symbol but no numbers given. You can be pretty sure this latter is not geared up to take holiday visitors.

But back to Dobein. Keutschach Information office is very proud of the development including the neighbouring resort Mullerhof.

They told us that if we wanted to get a good look at the two of them we should pay a visit to the Pyramidenkogel, where all would be revealed.

They then produced a small brochure which showed a most remarkable structure stuck on the top of the highest hill hereabouts. It is a single concrete post containing a lift and terminating in platforms hundreds of feet above the land below.

You drive up and up the mountain, find a parking space if you are lucky and walk to the foot of this huge tower. For about 20 Austrian Schillings the lift takes you to the top and then you have a fantastic view over all the surrounding countryside.

Mullerhof

The textile camp is now naturist and goes under the name of Mullerhof. It too is a largish resort and open to visitors. It has some 380 camping places and they make no distinction between visitors and members camping places. It is difficult to say anything particular about Mullerhof because if it weren't for the stream and the fence it could be just a continuation of its neighbour Dobein.

Again some rooms are available with bed and breakfast. There are the usual ablutions block and all the usual amenities.

And of course it shares the same lakeside. Access to the water is slightly different to that next door and in some ways it seemed to me that it would provide a safer access for children.

Personally I feel sure that no matter which camp you stayed in you could enjoy the facilities of the other. After all if you are neighbours and you wear no clothes who is to know exactly where you reside?

The main difference it seemed to me was that Mullerhof was less crowded and open on one boundary to the fields beyond whereas Dobein was more enclosed.

However there was so little physical difference that I imagine it would make little difference which you stayed in. Except for one thing – and that can be very important.

At Dobein the owner was exceptionally hospitable and kind to us. He invited us into his home and plied us with food. The hospitality was wonderful.

Next door we were given a couple of pamphlets and told that if we wanted any pictures we should try the local information office. We did but we got nothing.

VoIs

I'm including the small club at VoIs as an exception to the general rule of leaving out those clubs which are not specifically geared to attracting the holiday visitor.

VoIs is practically a suburb of Innsbruck and is practically alongside the Innsbruck airport.

So if you happen to fly into Innsbruck and need somewhere to park your tent for a few days, VoIs might be just what you are

looking for.

But note you will need a tent or caravan. When we were there in the summer of 1986 the club at VoIs had ceased to provide rooms.

To reach the club you leave the airport and turn left at the first major junction – that is just a few hundred metres after leaving the airfield. You turn left again and are soon onto the major highway. Almost immediately you will see the well signposted turn-off to VoIs village.

From here you will have to ask the way. And even then you might get it wrong. Apparently the club used one entrance road for a long time but now this has been changed. I can only say that you have to proceed west out of the town on the minor road keeping the rail on your right. Once past the petrol station you take the next turn on your left and soon find yourself behind a housing estate. Along here you will find the unposted entrance.

VoIs has an area of only about half a hectare. But within that limitation they have done wonders and use every bit of the land to the maximum advantage. They can only take about five visitor's tents and since visitors return year after year from as far away as Holland, you have to be lucky to get a space. At the moment they are slightly enlarging the area available by pushing out one of the boundary fences.

They have a nice pavilion with snack bar etc. A fine swimming pool raised above the ground and an excellent if small ablutions block. Above all they are really friendly.

If you think of going you must let them know. The address is LfL Innsbruck, Postfach 17, 6022 Innsbruck, Austria.

Rabnitzbachgelande

Rabnitzbachgelande is another country club situated about 10 kilometres north east of Graz. It is set in a rich agricultural valley with gentle hills and farm land all around.

It is about 7 hectares in area and has room for about 10 visitors' tents of 25 caravans. There are also available three or four beds and bungalows making up a total of some 12 beds in these. There are all the usual amenities including a pleasant swimming pool and children's paddler.

It takes about fifteen minutes from Graz to get to the club. They have two sunbathing meadows, two sports fields, family tennis and volley ball fields, a pond surrounded by woods, playgrounds, ping pong, swimming pool, canteen with sun terrace party cottage with charcoal grill, modern sanitation. Visitors are always welcome. You can write for more information to: Rabnitzbachgelande, A-8010 Graz, Elisabethstr. 23, Austria.

St Osyth's is an official naturist beach in Essex. And as this is not a million miles away from where Diana Roseman lives, she decided to pay it a visit. Whilst it doesn't have the attractions of the French Riviera, you can't be that choosy in the UK. And there are some things to be gained...



Windbreaks are not just there for naturists to hide behind!

couple of miles of charming leafy lane, in the best English tradition, you'll find yourself suddenly surprisingly confronted, in the worst English tradition, by the view of thousands upon thousands of holiday homes. Resist the temptation to retrace your steps, thinking this couldn't possibly be the right way to find a naturist beach, you've got it right this time! Painless so far – no brambles, no mile long walks from the car, no sheer cliff faces, no warning Trespass notices – almost too good to be true for the lazy naturist.

If you're not in a desperate hurry to finish the journey and rip your clothes off (most weekends in England, there's that air of mild panic, wondering if it's possible to reach the beach or club before the cloud...) stop off to pay a trip to the supermarket to stock up on a few goodies for your lunch, or dwell a while at the little café for good value in your

stomach before you continue. If you intend to walk the last bit, you'll be glad of it in a while...

With a modicum of luck, you'll be able to get an overnight emplacement for your caravan or motor home just before the sea wall. Ask in Hutley's Office just to the side of the car park lady's kiosk. But no tents (or dogs) allowed, so you'll have to try a little further afield at Leisureglades Touring site, Pump Hill, if your plans include struggling with reams of canvas other than your obligatory windbreak. I have no doubt, when you get to the naturist bit, you'll be bound to think it'd be a damn good idea just to pitch up there and do it all for free, but that's caused a lot of bother in years past, and we wouldn't want our nice beach taken away from us, now would we? So stick to the sites, please.

If you're stopping overnight at Hutleys, then you won't have to pay for the

car park fee, but otherwise, shell out your 50p to the delightful lady in the kiosk, and you will see in front of you a steep sea wall. Drive up it – I should add there is a gap in it, you're not expected to do a wall of death stunt – and turn sharp right. Then keep following the dirt track for around a mile. This can be a bit tricky if it's (a) wet or (b) dry. The first produces big gooey bits to get stuck in, and the second large patches of sand to get stuck in! Still, it's a good way to get to know a few people quickly, introduce yourself as they're pushing your car out of trouble. I'm sure they'll call on you to return the favour at some time or another, so don't feel guilty.

Nudists are notoriously bad at getting their names mixed up. Please note, if you drive as far as the Nature Reserve, you've gone too far. You're a naturist, not a nudist, so unless you're particularly fond of being spied on with

binoculars, stick in the right bit! A sign is there to explain you may swim or sunbathe nude if you choose – I'm not sure whether eating sandwiches nude or talking to other people constitutes an infringement of this declaration, but I shouldn't worry about it!

In past years (the beach has been official for three or so years now) I did notice a preponderance of single men forming clumps in the sand dunes (in the nicest possible way!), but this year's visit has shown St. Osyth's to have gained its deserved recognition as a really good, convenient family beach. Where else can you park right up next to the beach with little difficulty? (Though if you park early, be prepared to stay late on occasions when you can't find the owner of the blasted car that hems you in.) There's sand on the beach, there's a tide that allows a sort of swim even at its lowest ebb, though it is typical English



Yes, there is a place to park!



And who should Diana run into but the Candy Club!



Make sure you stop off first to prepare your picnic.

the wind in. And lots of marshy wild land to wander about on (and occasionally in, if you take an unwary step...) I have even (ssshhhh) acquired a couple of plants from those that are abundant from the flora that's around. If the children are bored, they can wander back to the modern day amusements of the caravan parks. There's even bingo for granny.

And if you don't like the vision of a thousand cars, whether they contain nude people or not, while you're having your day out, don't worry. Drop over the dunes, and you're totally unable to see them from the beach.

Don't be put off en route by the brick and rubble strewn section of the beach that precedes the naturist area. All will improve shortly.

Wind breaks are a necessity on all bar the hottest days (when you'll be glad of their shade in any event) I used to think naturists used wind breaks to hide themselves from others – what a naive idiot I was!

There is a bit of a rubbish problem around. I seem to remember several litter bins being there one year – I suppose they got nicked, all that strips off is not totally honest... so it isn't a bad idea to follow part of the American Sunbathing Association's Code, which is, always to leave with more litter than you have made – in other words, let's all do our bit to tidy up after the thoughtless lot that muck it up! No-one likes to pick their way through broken glass and coke cans, there's still the semi-natural hazard of the occasional piece of war relic barbed wire or ship tar to cope with, so we don't need to create our own!

There's always plenty of folk to chat to on a good day. The tan you'll acquire, with the salt and the wind and the sun always seems deeper and longer lasting than those achieved in continental climes.

The only person I met with a grumble – and that wasn't serious – was a wind-surfer. It's a pity he said, that there isn't a bit more wind...





We try to eat healthily but sometimes it just gets too much.

recommendation to the FDA commissioner on whether to approve or disapprove aspartame. But before the board could convene, another problem arose. Questions were raised about the authenticity of certain animal studies conducted for Searle, and FDA wanted to resolve this issue before proceeding with the hearing. The company agreed to fund an independent review of the aspartame data by an outside group of pathologists.

Their report was submitted to FDA in December 1978, and concluded that the data were in fact authentic. The agency then went ahead with its board of inquiry. The three university scientists on the board concluded that the evidence did not support the charge that aspartame might kill clusters of brain cells. But the panel recommended that approval be withheld until further, long-term animal tests could be conducted to rule out a possibility that aspartame might cause brain tumours.

On July 15, 1981, the new Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Arthur Hull Hayes Jr., announced the approval of aspartame. He based his approval on the board's findings, recommendations by FDA's Bureau of Foods, and the independent review of Searle's data. Dr. Hayes found the product to be safe at expected levels of consumption, as well as at the highest conceivable levels. The approval of aspartame opened a new chapter in the continuing saga of artificial sweeteners.





Hungarian naturism is often a family affair.



A chance to be individual.



You've got to laugh!

HUNGARY is the most liberal country of all those situated behind the Iron Curtain.

It is the least oppressed Communist state, the one with a fair degree of freedom – relatively speaking, of course – and the one with enough economic progress through the complement of small-capitalism that supplements the inefficient state-bureaucratic industry. A new system has taken over from the stultifying orthodox Soviet methods of planned production. Hungarians, like the Poles, love to live and let live, love the good life, love wine, women and song as the saying goes, and do, indeed, have excellent Tokay (and other) wines, gorgeous women of bountiful proportions, and fine music which, of course, is known for its influence from Gypsy violins.

They have eminently edible food of exquisite taste in a great variety of cuisines, enough to satisfy any palate however discriminating, whether fish, meat, vegetables, or soups. Hungary is also the only communist country to have really good coffee available; maybe some connection between that and



Hungary's main naturist centre – Délegyháza.



Caught for posterity.

the fact that 'café' in Hungarian is written 'espresso'. A typical dessert in Hungary is also 'palacsinta' (pronounced palatshintá) which are thin pancakes (crêpes) usually served with sugar, or jam, or butter, etc. They are delicious, to say the least.

What about naturism, you say! The only communist country permitting a national organization of naturists is Hungary; a national organization dedicated to the welfare and promotion of nude sunbathers, naturists. There is a large camp at Délegyháza capable of hosting thousands of naturists, and another one being developed at Mohács farther south, with a large number of 'wild' or unofficial nude beach terrains scattered throughout the country.

Furthermore, the national organization Magyar Naturisták Egyesülete (MNE) which has many thousands of members after only the second year in operation, is negotiating to buy or lease motel and hotel units and camp grounds to convert them to naturist use, as resorts, etc. Daily ground fees – as of summer 1986 – at Délegyháza is only 69¢US or 30 forints (58¢US at the free market rate of ex-

change of 52 forints to the dollar), a pittance not only for US visitors but to absolutely anyone from any Western country.

With a lake of pure water (an ex-quarry) on the grounds, sanitary facilities like toilets and showers, doctors, paramedics, emergency helicopter available, camp ground police, three restaurants, eight food wagons, and other services available without the need to leave the premises, it is a bargain. There are plenty of camping spots available, but if you plan to come in the high season of July and August, better book ahead of time. If you tell them you have read about Délegyháza and Hungarian naturism in this article, they will give you special treatment.

Forty-two kilometres to the north – a 45 minutes drive – you have the fascinating city of Budapest, the pre-war Paris on the Danube, with majestic age-old buildings, castles, tourist sites galore, hotels, restaurants, bars, and shops containing a greater wealth of goods – including select Western goods now – than in any other communist capital.

Hotels go from international chains of luxury status – with prices to match – through medium and very nice hotels



Someone's got himself a job as childminder!



Fresh air and sunshine – something most nations share (occasionally).





scenic shore line. Small, cozy restaurants and coffee houses proliferate everywhere, and the normal tourist paraphernalia are for sale in many shops. By May 1987 there will also be a good naturist camp ground available on the Balaton, with restaurant and all other facilities. It will be at Balatonberény.

It is rather important for visitors to understand that, in order to get good service and quality of merchandise in Hungary, one must usually search out private enterprises. A few prestige hotels may be the exception to the rule, but otherwise, the state run restaurants, and stores offer shoddy merchandise and poor service.

Private boutiques, restaurants, and service establishments however, do offer considerably higher standards of goods and services in the typical private enterprise style. The incentive to provide a broad merchandise mix, high quality of goods, and excellent service, is of course, enlightened self-interest – the profit motive which is absolutely lacking in state enterprises.

Luckily, more and more

at fairly reasonable prices, to the lower end of the scale with clean and comfortable lodgings with no luxury, maybe the bathroom and toilet in the hallway, but also at low cost to the budget traveller.

For those tourists flying straight into Budapest from abroad, or for train travellers, rental cars are available here, and to get to Délegyháza one drives south on highway 51 to an indicator showing where to turn eastward to Délegyháza, then after Délegyháza continue 2 km to the entrance of the camp which is on lake # 5.

If you don't rent a car, the best connection is to go by train from Budapest to Józsefvárosi, then three stops in streetcar (tram) no 23, 24, or 36 from stop Keleti to Délegyháza. From there it is 2 km by bus to the camp. In general, campers need bring along their own camping equipment, as none is for rent under regular circumstances.

An hour's drive southwest from Délegyháza will get you to the beautiful inland sea Balaton where tourist resorts flourish. Sightseeing steamers ply the tranquil waters of this giant lake, and panoramic vistas develop before your eyes as you move along the





They're improving facilities all the time.



beaches.

Even in Western Europe there have been cases where nudist club owners and operators have been against the dissemination of information regarding clothing-optional beaches. The Naturist Society and other nude beach activists fill the breach.

The INF (the International Naturist Federation) is basically an umbrella organization for national nudist camp associations although, in some instances, it has supported free beaches, too. The INF and The Naturist Society are thus complementary organizations, each concentrating on its own sphere of influence while occasionally overlapping in efforts.

The first week of July 1987 is thus destined to see at Délegyháza the International Naturist Nude Beach Congress 1987,



There may be some repressions, but the naturists themselves are quite happy to and open.

East Germans, Czechs, Poles, and other citizens of Eastern Europe can descend en masse upon Hungary and Délegyháza, have a lovely but inexpensive vacation in a well-organized naturist resort, and return home happy for personal friendships established with Western naturists who also came to Délegyháza.

All naturists from communist countries must write directly to MNE for information regarding this international event.

All naturists in the Western (non-communist) countries wanting to join the conference must write to: The Naturist Society, PO Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902, USA. Westerners will find that rather few foreigners have so far come to Délegyháza, only 5% or less. Those few usually come from West Germany, East Germany, Poland, Austria, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. All others, the 95%, are Hungarians.

During the conference, a good deal more visitors should come from other East European countries.

For a while you can enjoy the peace and friendship that Hungarian naturists manage to furnish their foreign visitors. You will have had an unforgettable experience among Hungarian and other Eastern European friends.



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